

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,
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CONTENTS.

I. THE CROKER PAPERS,	<i>Quarterly Review,</i>	579
II. BEAUTY AND THE BEAST. By Sarah Tytler, author of "Citoyenne Jacqueline," "Lady Bell," etc. Part XVII,	<i>Good Words,</i>	605
III. THE WORKS OF ALEXANDER POPE. Con- clusion,	<i>Edinburgh Review,</i>	613
IV. SOME LESSONS FROM CARLYLE'S LIFE,	<i>National Review,</i>	629
V. ARTIFICIAL JEWELS,	<i>Chambers' Journal,</i>	635
VI. "QUIET WEATHER,"	<i>Spectator,</i>	637
VII. CHINESE HORTICULTURE,	<i>All The Year Round,</i>	639

POETRY.

A BALLADE OF CONTENTMENT,	578	THE FIRST SNOW,	578
THE GALWAY MAKE,	578		
MISCELLANY,			640

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

A BALLADE OF CONTENTMENT

(A DOUBLE REFRAIN).

WHEN I start away on a holiday run,
And the couplings creak and the carriage
sways
Ere the tiresome journey has well begun,
I long to be back in the good old days :
But I dwell too much on the pleasanter
phase,
And, whenever I think of a coach in a slough,
Or a pair of scoundrels robbing a chaise,
I'm quite content to be living now.

When the smoke from the eastward dims the
sun,
And the town is muffled in smuts and haze,
And there's trouble ahead that I cannot shun,
I long to be back in the good old days :
But, after all, are they worth my praise ?
There was care, no doubt, on my grand-
father's brow ;
And, whenever I think of the South Sea
craze,
I'm quite content to be living now.

When a work requires to be fairly done
The winning of battles, the writing of plays,
Heads to be broken, or flax to be spun,
I long to be back in the good old days :
But you know what the fox in the fable
says
Of the grapes that grew on the topmost bough ;
So, weighing the whole as a wise man
weighs,
I'm quite content to be living now.

ENVOI.

If love is a language of stilted phrase,
I long to be back in the good old days ;
If not, ask Phyllis to tell you how
I'm quite content to be living now.
St. James's Gazette.

C.

THE GALWAY MARE.

[AIR : — "Nora O'Neale."]

In the course of my wand'rings, from Cong to
Kanturk, —
And a man of his honor is Jeremy Burke, —
I've seen many horses, but none, I declare,
Could compare with Jack Rafferty's fox-hunting
mare.
She was black as the sut,
From the head to the fut,
And as nate in her shapes as a royal princess ;
Twenty miles in the hour was her lowest horse-
power,
'Twould destroy her intirely to go at a less !

No Arabian charger that's bred in the South
Had so silky a coat or obaydient a mouth ;
And her speed was so swift, man alive ! I'd go
bail
She'd slip clane away from the Holyhead mail.

Her asiest saunter
Was quick as a canther,
Her gallop resimble a lightning express ;
Twenty miles in the hour was her lowest horse-
power,
'Twould destroy her intirely to go at a less !

There was never a fence so conthráry or cruel
But she would contrhive to surmount it, the
jewel !
And Jack on her back, widout getting a toss,
Clared ditches, no matther how crabbed or
cross.

An iligant shteppey,
A wondherful lepper, —
Don't talk of Bucephalus or of Black Bess, —
Twenty miles in the hour was her lowest horse-
power,
'Twould destroy her intirely to go at a less !

They were clifted,* the two of them, Jack and
the mare,
Returning one night from the Blackwater fair :
Bad 'cess to that road ! in the worst place of
all

There isn't a sign or a taste of a wall.
Sure the Barony's grief
Was beyant all belief, —
'Twas the loss of the mare caused the greater
disthress ;

Twenty miles in the hour was her lowest horse-
power,
'Twould destroy her intirely to go at a less !
Spectator. CHARLES L. GRAVES.

* *Anglicè*, "Fell over a cliff."

THE FIRST SNOW.

GAY bloom the flowers in springtime set,
And streaky apples linger yet ;
'Twas autumn but a week ago.
Why, then, these flakes of winter snow ?
Summer's last rose they disarrayed,
The while she dreamed in peace to fade.
One swallow was inclined to stay ;
The white flecks frightened him away.

Winter's cold shock who first endure
Think him unkind and premature,
Complain the summer was too brief,
And moralize o'er each dead leaf.
But as he grips with fimer hold
We grow more careless of the cold,
Joy in the sparkle of his snow,
And nestle by his fireside glow.

Dismayed we note the first grey hair,
Soon others come — we cease to care ;
Then gréy, outnumbering the brown,
And soon white winter settles down.
And when from youth we've passed to age
We've learned our lesson page by page,
To take what comes for weal or woe
And never fret about the snow.
Pall Mall Gazette.

W. D.

From The Quarterly Review.
THE CROKER PAPERS.*

THESE volumes will form a valuable addition to the authentic materials for the political and literary history of the first half of the present century. They are the honorable record of the long and industrious life, spent in intimate communion with many of the greatest and most influential men of the time, of a man enjoying their confidence and sharing their counsels. From them we learn much about the *graves principum amicitia*, which have always had a profound interest for the historical student. Instead of the idle gossip of eavesdroppers and busybodies, of which so much has of late years been given in reckless diaries to the world, to bewilder men's judgments, and to perplex future historians, we are shown, under the hands of many of the leaders in the political arena, how and why they acted at periods of critical importance. Anecdotes of universal interest come to us at first hand; we are taken into the best company—generals, statesmen, and literary men, such as Wellington, Canning, Lyndhurst, Peel, Lord Ashburton, Lord Aberdeen, Sir James Graham, Guizot, Metternich, Sir Walter Scott, Isaac D'Israeli, Lockhart, and others—see them in their lighter as well as graver moods, and carry away in all cases a more vivid, and in some a more pleasing impression of them, than we have before entertained. And while of especial value to those who take a deep interest either in politics or literature, these volumes must, we feel assured, prove attractive in no ordinary degree to the general reader.

They have, moreover, a special value in vindicating the reputation of Mr. Croker from the attacks to which it has long been unfairly subjected. Mr. Croker was too great a power, both in Parliament and in the press, to escape the rancor of that miserable spirit, which hates where it differs, and revenges a discomfiture in controversy by scurrility and misrepres-

entation. He had therefore to encounter abundance of personal abuse while he lived, and his adversaries were at all times ready to lay at his door the blame for articles, of which he was guiltless, in which opinions on books, men, or measures, were expressed, which were not to their taste. This, as he says in a letter to M. Guizot (February 23rd, 1854), "I was content to live down," as "in Parliament I could take my own part, and in the press that of my own party."

The rule he thus prescribed to himself must often have been put to a heavy strain; but he never departed from it, except in one instance, and then he showed how much Macaulay and his other enemies probably owed to his forbearance. He was in his seventy-fourth year, and the assailant was Lord John Russell. Mr. Croker had commented, in this review, with justifiable severity, on the disregard of private feeling and the rules of good taste, with which "Moore's Diaries" had been edited by Lord John. Moore had owed much to Mr. Croker's kindness, and professed warm friendship for him to the last. There was proof positive in the published diaries that, while pretending friendship to Mr. Croker, he was habitually vilifying him; but Mr. Croker did not allow personal feeling to interfere with his literary estimate of this, any more than of any other book. Stung by the censure of his share in the work, Lord John, in an evil hour for himself, appended a note to the sixth volume, in which, after saying that "to Moore it was unnecessary to address a request to spare a friend," he asked what would have been the result, if a request to spare Moore had been addressed to Croker? "Probably," he continued, "while Moore was alive, and able to wield his pen, it might have been successful. Had Moore been dead, it would have served only to give additional zest to the pleasure of safe malignity." Such an attack from such a quarter on Croker's moral character and personal honor at once brought the old man into the field in a letter to his assailant, published in the *Times*. Lord John made a feeble reply, the main gist of which was, that he had suppressed some passages in the diary

* *The Croker Papers. — The Correspondence and Diaries of the late Right Honorable John Wilson Croker, LL.D., F.R.S., Secretary to the Admiralty from 1809 to 1830.* Edited by Louis J. Jennings. 3 Vols. London, 1884.

still more offensive. This gave Croker an opportunity of driving home the charge against him of compromising Moore, while traducing the man who had believed Moore to be the friend he professed himself to be.

There is another very serious consideration arising out of this surprising confession, which is, that for the purpose, I suppose, of attributing to yourself the *gloriot* of a generous delicacy towards me, as well as others, you sacrifice not only your argument, but the character of your poor friend, by revealing, what I never suspected, that during the many years in which he was living on apparently the most friendly terms with me, and asking, and receiving, and acknowledging such good offices, both consultative and practical, as my poor judgment and interest were able to afford him, he was making entries in his "Diary" concerning me so "offensive," that even the political and partisan zeal of Lord John Russell shrank from reproducing them.

I must be allowed to say, under such strange circumstances, that I reject your Lordship's indulgence with contempt, and despise the menace, if it be meant for one, that you have such weapons in your sleeve; I not only dare you, but I condescend to entreat you to publish all about me that you may have suppressed. Let me know the full extent of your crooked indulgence, and of Moore's undeviating friendship. Let us have the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, while I am still living to avail myself of it. Let it not be said that "poor dear Moore" told such things of Croker that even Lord John Russell would not publish them. I feel pretty confident that there will not be found any entry of Moore's derogatory of me against which I shall not be able to produce his own contemporaneous evidence of a contrary tendency.

"It would be useless for us," Lord John rejoined, "to attempt to persuade one another." But Croker was not to be so silenced. "I had no motive and no intention," he replied, "to *persuade* your Lordship to anything. I did not meddle with your opinions. I charged you with a gross and wilful offence against me. The public is now the judge whether I have proved the charge." And the verdict of the public was with Croker.

It was not, we believe, a zest for "the pleasure of safe malignity," but the incurable heedlessness of party malevolence,

which induced Miss Martineau, in an article on "the unhappy old man who has just departed," which appeared in the *Daily News* the day after Mr. Croker's death, and which, if we mistake not, has since been republished in her "Political Sketches," to write of him thus: "When he had been staying at Drayton Manor, not long before Sir R. Peel's death, had been not only hospitably entertained, but kindly ministered to under his infirmities of deafness and bad health, and went home to cut up his host in a political article for the forthcoming *Quarterly*, his fellow-guests at Drayton refused as long as possible to believe the article to be his."

There is not [says Mr. Jennings, vol. iii., p. 93] a word of truth in this statement from beginning to end. Any one who was likely to be a guest at Drayton Manor knew perfectly well who wrote the articles in the *Quarterly Review*; Peel himself knew; and Mr. Croker was not at Drayton Manor for several years prior to Peel's death.

Indeed, all personal intercourse between them had ceased in 1846, nearly four years before that event, after a close and affectionate intimacy of thirty years, and for reasons which, as these volumes show, were certainly not otherwise than honorable to Mr. Croker.

The silence with which Mr. Croker's friends treated these and similar calumnies became no longer possible, when they were adopted and enforced by Mr. Trevelyan in his "Life of Lord Macaulay," published in 1876, and supported by extracts from Lord Macaulay's letters and diaries. The story of that life, and the remarkable skill with which it was told by Mr. Trevelyan, made his book sure of a circulation as wide as that of Lord Macaulay's own works; and in no place could the misrepresentations it contained be more fitly met than in this review, with which Mr. Croker had been from its earliest days actively associated. With access to the documents which are included in the present volumes, it was an easy as well as grateful task to show how little either Lord Macaulay or his biographer knew of the man whom they had maligned. No attempt was made by Mr. Trevelyan

to shake the vindication of Mr. Croker in the article to which we have referred, which appeared in the number of this review for July, 1876. The task would indeed have been a hopeless one. But Macaulay's words have produced an unfair impression on innumerable minds, to which the true character of Croker can never be made known. That mischief can never be wholly undone; but those, at least, who come with open minds to the perusal of the records brought together with great ability by Mr. Jennings in the present volumes, will not be likely to form such an estimate either of Mr. Croker's character or his abilities. The man who, without the advantage of family or fortune, early raised himself to the high official position which Mr. Croker maintained with distinction through a long series of years, and who won for himself the close friendship and respect of many of the men of whom the country was and is most proud, must have possessed faculties not "slender," even in comparison with those of Lord Macaulay. To the charge against his moral nature, — his happy domestic life, his unblemished public character, the "honor, love, obedience" of those with whom he worked, and "the troops of friends" that surrounded him till his death, are a conclusive answer.

John Wilson Croker was born in Galway on the 20th of December, 1780. His father, John Croker, of an old Devonshire stock, was for many years surveyor general of customs and excise in Ireland, and is spoken of by Burke as "a man of great abilities and most amiable manners, an able and upright public steward, and universally beloved and respected in private life." His mother was the daughter of the Rev. R. Rathbone, of Galway. He was obviously a bright, clever boy, and amiable also, if we are to credit Sheridan Knowles, to whose father's school in Cork young Croker was sent when very young, to be cured of a stutter, which he never entirely conquered. "You were my dear mother's favorite," Knowles wrote in 1856. "She loved you for your constant good spirits and a cordial frankness that drew you to her — for she was frankness and

generosity itself." He began authorship early, for when not quite nine years old, one of his prose election squibs was printed, during a contest at Cork. He afterwards spent some time at a school founded by French refugees, where only French was spoken, and where he attained, what was afterwards of great service to him, a perfect facility in reading, writing, and speaking that language. When about twelve years old, he went to a Mr. Willis's school at Portarlinton, where the late Mr. Justice Jackson, of the Irish Common Pleas, on entering as a pupil, found him "at the head of the school, and *facile princeps* in every branch," and the masters "proud of his talents and acquirements, as being likely to redound to the character and credit of the school." A year or two at another and more classical school, also at Portarlinton, kept by the Rev. Richmond Hood, who a few years later became Sir R. Peel's classical tutor, prepared him for Trinity College, Dublin, where he was entered in November, 1796, a month before he was sixteen. Tom Moore was there, a year or two his senior, and he met of his own class Strangford, Leslie Foster, Gervais, Burke, Fitzgibbon, Coote, and others who rose afterwards to social and professional distinction.

Having decided on going to the bar, he entered himself as a student at Lincoln's Inn in 1800, and during the two following years devoted himself to legal study there. But the bent of his mind, then as ever, seems to have been strongly towards literature. The incidents of the French Revolution had taken a great hold upon his mind, and he had already made progress in that minute study of the Revolutionary epoch, which ultimately led to his forming the remarkable collection of French contemporary pamphlets, now in the British Museum, and made him probably the best-informed man in England upon all the details of that period of French history. A series of letters on the subject, addressed to Tallien, introduced him to a connection with the *Times*, and laid the foundation of a lasting and confidential intimacy with its leading proprietor. Of what he was socially at this

period, the late Mr. Jesse, the naturalist, who lodged in the same boarding-house with him in the Middle Scotland Yard, gives us a glimpse. "The society in the house," he writes, "consisted of four or five very pleasant men, and Mr. Croker soon became the life of the party by his wit and talents, and his constant readiness to provoke an argument, which he never failed to have the best of." During this period he was associated with Horace and James Smith, Mr. Herries, Colonel Greville, Prince Hoare, and Mr. Cumberland, in writing both prose and verse for two short-lived publications called the *Cabinet* and the *Picnic*.

He returned to Dublin in 1802, and in 1804 created great local commotion there by a little volume in verse of "Familiar Epistles" to Mr. Jones, the manager of the Crow Street Theatre, "on the Present State of the Irish Stage." The theatre was then the delight of the best people in Dublin, and yielded, as Croker mentions, the large income, for those days, of 5,000*l.* a year to the manager, "a sum," as he says, "greater than the salary of two of the judges of that land." In our copy, the fourth edition, published in 1805, a contemporary, whose MS. notes indicate that he was well informed upon theatrical matters, remarks that in 1805 the manager made between 6,000*l.* and 7,000*l.* The liberality of the manager, to judge by Croker's book, in providing a good company of actors, was by no means proportionate to the liberality of his public. In a kind of local "Rosciad," Croker passes the actors and their manager in review.

By this time Mr. Croker had attached himself to the Munster Circuit, where he first encountered Mr. Daniel O'Connell. His father's influence procured him many revenue cases, and the steady and rapid increase of his practice gave promise of a highly successful career. It was sufficient for him to marry upon, and in 1806 he was united to Miss Pennell, daughter of Mr. William Pennell, afterwards British consul-general in South America, an event which he always regarded as the chief blessing of his life. To his friend Mr. E. H. Locker, father of Mr. Frederick Locker, he described her in a letter at the time as "a kind, even-tempered, well-judging girl, who can admire beauty and value talents without pretending to either, and whose object is rather to make home happy than splendid, and her husband contented than vain." He seems not to have surmised her to possess any special literary capacity or taste, but, according

to Mr. Jennings, she "took more interest in literary studies and pursuits than her husband at that time imagined, and her judgment, as he afterwards gratefully acknowledged, was always sound and good."

In the same year Mr. Croker, on the sudden withdrawal of the candidate for Downpatrick, whom he had gone down to support, made an unsuccessful effort to obtain the seat. But when a dissolution took place the following year, on the collapse of the All the Talents ministry, he gained the seat, and retained it, after a long struggle on a petition against his return. To the administration of the Duke of Portland he now declared his general adherence, reserving to himself freedom on the question of the removal of Catholic disabilities, to which he was strongly favorable. His powers as a speaker must by this time have been well tested, for he spoke the very first night he took his seat, on the state of Ireland, provoked thereto by some observations of an orator no less formidable than Mr. Grattan, which he thought "injurious and unfounded," "Though obviously unpremeditated," he wrote long afterwards, "I was not altogether flattered at hearing that my first speech was the best. I suspect it was so. Canning, whom I had never seen before, asked Mr. Foster to introduce me to him after the division, was very kind, and walked home with me to my lodgings."

The acquaintance thus begun, cemented as it was by community of opinion on the Catholic question, ripened into a friendship, which only terminated with Canning's death twenty years afterwards. Croker's views on that burning question were stated at this time (1807) with so much ability in a pamphlet, called "A Sketch of Ireland Past and Present," which ran rapidly through twenty editions, that it fixed upon its author the attention of all leading politicians. Among these was Mr. Perceval, whose opinions were diametrically opposed to those enunciated in the pamphlet. Nevertheless, such was his opinion of the writer's powers and aptitude for business, that he recommended Sir Arthur Wellesley, on his appointment in June, 1808, to the command of the forces in the Peninsula, to entrust to the young Irish member in his absence the Parliamentary business of his office of chief secretary for Ireland. Sir Arthur took his recommendation, and a relation between himself and Mr. Croker was thus established, which was never interrupted.

Not the least interesting part of these volumes is the correspondence with the

great duke, and Mr. Croker's memoranda of conversations with him upon all his battles, and other momentous events of his life. All that Mr. Croker saw of the man whom he always regarded as his model hero, — and he saw him under conditions of the greatest unreserve at times when his sagacity and courage were most severely tested, — increased his admiration. This is what he says in a memorandum written in 1826: —

When I first went to the Admiralty, Sir Roger Curtis, then Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, who had previously been an acquaintance of mine, through the Howes and Lady Sligo, and was so kind as to favor me with his advice, said to me, "My dear friend, beware of *Heroes*. The more you come to know them, the less you will think of them," and certainly he was right, as far as my experience went with many who set up for heroes. The grand exception was the *real hero* — the Duke — who in mind and manners was the same, exactly the same, when I first knew him in 1806 as he is now, and rose in my admiration every hour that I saw him — always simple and always great. (Vol. i., p. 350.)

The duke, in accordance with his uniform rule of choosing his agents well, must have thoroughly satisfied himself of Croker's qualifications to act for him, when the meeting took place which is recorded in the following memorandum:

June 14th, 1808. — Dined early with Sir Arthur and Lady Wellesley in Harley St., in order to talk over some of the Irish business which he had requested me to do for him in the House of Commons, as he was to set out for Ireland next morning on his way to Portugal. After dinner we were alone and talked over our business. There was one point of the Dublin Pipe Water Bill on which I differed a little from him, but could not convince him. At last I said, perhaps he would reconsider the subject and write to me from Dublin about it. He said in his quick way, "No, no, I shall be no wiser to-morrow than I am to-day. I have given you my reasons: you must decide for yourself." When this was over, and while I was making some memoranda on the papers, he seemed to lapse into a kind of reverie, and remained silent so long that I asked him what he was thinking of. He replied, "Why, to say the truth, I am thinking of the French that I am going to fight. I have not seen them since the campaign in Flanders, when they were capital soldiers, and a dozen years of victory under Buonaparte must have made them better still. They have besides, it seems, a new system of strategy, which has out-manœuvred and overwhelmed all the armies of Europe. 'Tis enough to make one thoughtful; but no matter; my die is cast, they may overwhelm me, but I don't think they will out-manœuvre me. First, because I am not afraid

of them, as everybody else seems to be; and secondly, because, if what I hear of their system of manœuvres be true, I think it a false one as against steady troops. I suspect all the continental armies were more than half beaten before the battle was begun. I, at least, will not be frightened beforehand." (Vol. i., p. 12.)

What splendid results followed from that reverie, and others of the same kind, the duke's adversaries soon learned. With the comparatively small handful of troops at his command, he might well contemplate the contingency of being "overwhelmed" as a possible one. But that he would make the most of what men he had, and never strain their powers too far, was certain. Another memorandum, in 1826, is of the highest interest, as showing the pains he took to make himself that thorough master of the details of every branch of his profession which, by enabling him to shape his plans with due regard to his resources, made him the successful general he was. He had been speaking of the difference of the qualities required for the command of a division and the command of an army. These, he said, are quite different, though the greater will of course include the less. The great general must understand the actual handling of troops; but, he continued —

it is necessary to begin still lower. One must understand the mechanism and power of the individual soldier; then that of a company, a battalion, or brigade, and so on, before one can venture to group divisions and move an army. I believe I owe most of my success to the attention I always paid to the inferior part of tactics as a regimental officer. There were few men in the army who knew these details better than I did; it is the foundation of all military knowledge. When you are sure that you know the power of your tools and the way to handle them, you are able to give your mind altogether to the greater considerations which the presence of the enemy forces upon you.

Mr. Croker adds some further interesting particulars on this head: —

He told me, on an earlier occasion, that within a few days after joining his first regiment (I think he said the 73rd) as an ensign, he had one of the privates weighed in his clothes only, and then with all his arms, accoutrements, and kit in full marching-order, with the view of comparing as well as he could the power of the man with the duty expected from him. I said that this was a most extraordinary thought to have occurred to so young a man. He said, "Why, I was not so young as not to know that since I had undertaken a profession I had better try to understand it." When I repeated this to Colonel Shawe, a great friend of both him and Lord Wellesley,

he told me that in the Duke's early residence in India, and before he was in command, his critical study of his profession afforded a marked contrast to the general habits of that time and country. Shawe also added another early anecdote. The Duke inherits his father's musical taste, and used to play very well, and rather too much, on the violin. Some circumstances occurred which made him reflect that this was not a soldierly accomplishment, and took up too much of his time and thoughts; and he burned his fiddles, and never played again. About the same time he gave up the habit of card-playing. (Vol. i., p. 337.)

To act for a man of this stamp, we may be sure, was a stimulus to the conscientious fulfilment of his trust, had any stimulus been needed by Mr. Croker. His experience of official work, and of Parliamentary tactics, afforded by its duties, was most valuable. They gave him a position, and helped, with his own abilities, to command a hearing for him in the House of Commons. The discussions there in 1809, on Colonel Wardle's charge against the Duke of York of conniving at the sale of military appointments by his mistress, brought Mr. Croker to the front. He spoke in answer to Sir Francis Burdett on March 14, dissecting and tearing to pieces the evidence adduced against the duke, with a skill which bore testimony to the value of his legal studies. The speech was a brilliant success, and assisted so materially in the vindication of the duke, as to draw down upon Mr. Croker the obloquy and scurrilous abuse of the fomenters of what even Lord Grey always spoke of as "a mean and miserable prosecution."

At this time Mr. Croker had nothing but his profession and his pen to depend upon. In April 1809, it appears from a memorandum (vol. i. p. 14) that, after a conversation about the Dublin Paving Bill, Mr. Perceval said to him, "But, Croker, you are all this while taking a great deal of trouble for us, and no care of yourself. Can you not think of anything we can do for you?" Croker's reply was that he had not done so, but that he should have liked, for the sake of learning business, to have been the private secretary to the chief secretary for Ireland. Mr. Perceval begged him to look out for something suitable, and assured him that the government would be happy to serve him.

The close of the session of 1809 set him free to return to his profession in Ireland and to literary work. Before he left London, he had been enlisted among the contributors to this review. With

Canning and Mr. George Ellis he was on terms of intimacy, and he shared their counsels in arranging for its establishment in the February of that year. This brought him acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, who was in London that spring, and, according to his friend Mr. Morritt, "was much with George Ellis, Canning, and Croker, and delighted in them — as, indeed, who did not?" The third number of this review contained Croker's first contribution, an article on Miss Edgeworth's "Tales of Fashionable Life." He did not again contribute till the tenth number in 1811, but from that time to 1854, excepting for an interval between 1826 and 1831, scarcely a number appeared without one or more papers by him. "It was," says Mr. Jennings (vol. i. p. 25), "the chief pride of his life to be associated with this periodical, and his best original work was done for its pages." The Whig press credited all the political articles to his account, but, as he wrote to Mr. Lockhart in 1834, "for twenty years that I wrote in it, from 1809 to 1829, I never gave, I believe, one purely political article — not one, certainly, in which politics predominated."

In a poem on "The Battle of Talavera" (July 28, 1809) Mr. Croker did justice to the genius that directed, and the gallantry that won for England, that important victory. It appeared in the autumn of 1809, and in the following April his publisher, Mr. Murray, wrote to him, that it had been "more successful than any short poem he knew," exceeding in circulation Mr. Heber's "Palestine" or "Europe," and even Mr. Canning's "Ulm and Trafalgar." Sir Walter Scott, in whose "Marmion" metre the poem was written, thought it "beautiful and spirited. Many a heart," he added, when acknowledging a copy of the eighth edition, "has kindled at your 'Talavera,' which may be the more patriotic for the impulse as long as it shall last. I trust we may soon hear from the conqueror of that glorious day such news as may procure us 'another of the same.' His excellent conduct, joined to his high and undaunted courage, make him our Nelson on land, and though I devoutly wish that his force could be doubled, I shall feel little anxiety for the event of a day when he is only outnumbered by one-third" (vol. i., p. 32). He pronounced a more elaborate but not less friendly judgment upon the poem in this review (vol. ii., p. 426); but more precious than even Scott's praise must have been a letter (dated Badajoz, November 15) from Wel-

lington, to whom Croker had written with a copy, saying that he had read the poem with great satisfaction, and adding, "I did not think a battle could be turned to anything so entertaining.* I heard," he added, "with great pleasure that you were to be appointed secretary of the admiralty, in which situation I have no doubt you will do yourself credit, and more than justify me in any little exertion I may have made for you while I was in office."

Mr. Perceval had not forgotten his promise, and when he became premier, on the breaking up of the Duke of Portland's administration, he directed Lord Mulgrave, his first lord of the admiralty, to offer to Mr. Croker the office mentioned by the duke. It was a high one, and far beyond his expectations; but the permanency of Mr. Perceval's administration was precarious, and Mr. Croker paused before throwing up a profession of which, he tells us, he was fond, and which was yielding him about 600*l.* a year. But all hesitation ceased when, on arriving in London, he was told by Mr. Arbuthnot, secretary of the treasury, that Mr. Perceval, in his unsuccessful negotiations with Lords Grenville and Grey to take office with him, had proposed himself to take the seals of the Home Office, and that the only appointment for which he had stipulated was that of Mr. Croker as his under secretary. "After this," Mr. Croker writes, "I could have no doubt what to do."

Party feeling never ran higher than at this time, and the appointment of a young and untried man to an office of such importance was of course made a subject of violent attack. But Mr. Perceval, as the event proved, had formed a just estimate of his young friend's fitness for the very responsible and anxious duties of his office. In less than a month this estimate was strikingly confirmed. Mr. Croker

had addressed himself with his usual energy and acumen to looking into the details of his department, and saw reason to suspect a serious defalcation in an official of high rank and respectability, which had escaped the notice of his predecessors. He at once refused his signature to a warrant for a further issue of money until the last issues were accounted for. The defaulter, who had great influence with George III., used it to persuade the king that everything was right, and that the young Irishman knew nothing of his business. Meanwhile Mr. Croker went on with his researches, and satisfied himself that "it was a case of ruin and disgrace to the individual, and a loss of at least 200,000*l.* to the public." Upon this he laid the facts before his superior, Lord Mulgrave, but, finding his lordship did not take the same view of the case, he tendered his resignation. Mr. Perceval took up the matter, and, Mr. Croker writes, would, he believed, "have himself resigned rather than compromise an affair of which he saw the whole importance." He explained the facts to the king, who thereupon sent the young official "a most generous assurance of his satisfaction at his zeal in doing his duty, and his firmness in resisting his own first suggestions under a misunderstanding of the case."

The subordination of all personal or selfish considerations to the interests of the public service was the law of Mr. Croker's official life. He could not indeed have conceived the possibility of any other, for a man of honor. The frank surrender of a fine position and an income of 3,200*l.* a year, rather than be privy to malversations which had escaped the notice of those who ought to have detected them, was, however, a sacrifice for which the assailants of his appointment would hardly have given him credit. Their attacks died out when it became obvious, as it soon did, that no complaint could be made either of his ability or zeal. The times were critical. Napoleon was at the height of his power on the Continent. We were still smarting under the Walcheren disaster, and the presence of a presiding mind at the post he held was of vital moment. The extent of work in which he was at once involved, he tells us, was "quite terrific." He was at his office by nine, and worked there till four or five. But his heart was in his work, and he was always to be found at his desk. "For two-and-twenty years," he wrote to Mr. Murray in 1838, "I never quitted that office-room without a kind of uneasiness

* "Entertaining," says the duke. As to truthfulness he is silent. But as he did not believe that history could be true, how should he look for truth in a poem? On this point we have his opinion, in more than one place in these volumes. Thus, in one of his conversations (vol. i., p. 352), he says: "Not write history because truth cannot be told?" So I said to Jomini, and so I wrote to you when I told you that a battle was like a ball—that one remembered one's own partner, but knew very little what other couples might be about; nor, if one did, might it be quite decorous to tell all he saw. So that, besides almost inevitable inaccuracy, there was the risk—indeed, the certainty—that you could not tell the whole truth without offence to some, and perhaps satisfying nobody." About victorious battles, even, it would not do to tell everything. Living generals, if they spoke out, would confirm what the duke says in another place (vol. i., p. 417). "All troops ran away—that he never minded; all he cared about was whether they would come back again, and he added that he always had a succession of lines for the purpose of rallying fugitives."

like a truant boy." It was not wonderful that, as the years went on, he became the presiding spirit of the department. He was master of all its details, and to this day the rules he laid down, and the organization he established, have been acknowledged by a Whig first lord of the admiralty to be the foundation of "all that is best and most business-like in the department." His official superiors deferred to his judgment, and his ascendancy among them became ultimately so great, that on one occasion, when Mr. Croker stated in the House of Commons that he was only "the servant of the board," Sir Joseph Yorke, a former lord of the admiralty, remarked that when he was at the board "it was precisely the other way." Whether this was so or not, the work of the board was thoroughly well done, and Mr. Croker, in a memorandum cited by Mr. Jennings (vol. i., p. 22), could remark with truth, "I never heard, and do not believe, there was any complaint of my official conduct."

The three first lords under whom he served — the Earl of Mulgrave, the Right Hon. Charles Yorke, and Viscount Melville — all respected and got on well with him; and he had the courage to maintain his ground against the whims and vagaries of the Duke of Clarence, when lord high admiral, with a spirit, for which in after years King William IV. bore him no ill-will. Mr. Croker refused to submit to the duke's undue interference with his department. In this he was backed up both by the Duke of Wellington and the king. At length the Duke of Clarence carried his attempt to render himself independent of all authority so far, that it was decided that either he or the Duke of Wellington must resign; and resign he did. Here is a specimen of his scenes with the secretary, in a letter from Croker to Sir B. Blomfield, March 21, 1823. George IV. was then suffering from a succession of attacks of gout:—

His R. H.'s chance of being *King* begins to mend — do you remember my little discussion with him at Brighton eight years ago, when he told me that, when *he* became King, *I* should not be Secretary of the Admiralty? I told him "a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush." He had just before told me that he would in that event declare himself Lord High Admiral, and asked me "what objection I could start to that?" I replied, with a low bow, "none; that there was a case in point — James II. had done the same." This was a little bold, to say no worse, on my part, but he had been, for half an hour before, giving me provocation beyond all endurance, such as

abusing Lord Melville, Sir George Hope, and the rest of the Board, and, though I begged of him to recollect my situation with them and spare me the mortification of hearing such attacks made on my friends and colleagues, he went on with still more violence. By the time he comes to be King, however, he will be a good deal more quiet and reasonable than he was eight years ago. (Vol. i., p. 265.)

These volumes contain several other illustrations of the same independent and honorable spirit. But in these days of popularity-hunting, when medals and honors for every little piece of military or naval service are far too rife, it is more profitable to read the following letter from Mr. Croker to Lord Exmouth, throwing cold water upon his lordship's idea of a special medal to be distributed for the successful expedition against Algiers:—

October 23rd, 1816.

MY DEAR LORD, — I never have and never will (I hope) do anything for the sake of popularity; he that steers by any other compass than his own sense of duty may be a popular, but cannot be an honest, and I think not a useful public servant. On the occasion of a medal for the Algerine exploit I have no hesitation in telling you that I decidedly disapprove of it; and if my opinion were asked (*which it has not been*) I should say so. Why should that be done for 5000 men who were at Algiers, which has not been done for the million of men who have served in so many glorious actions since 1793? You will say that the soldiers of Waterloo have had medals, but surely it is impossible to compare Waterloo with any other battle. The soldiers of Salamanca, Talavera, Vittoria, Toulouse, and the Pyrenees, have no medals. In short, my dear Lord, with the justest sense of the skill and gallantry of your operations before Algiers, and of the admirable courage displayed by all ranks, and the wonderful success of your fire, I must say that I should be sorry to see anything done for it which should seem to throw a shade over the 1st June, Camperdown, St. Vincent's, the Nile, and Trafalgar.

Mr. Croker had the happiness of being the first to communicate to the prince regent, among whose friends he had for some time been numbered, the tidings of Wellington's defeat of Soult, on July 30, 1813, at the last of the series of the "Battles of the Pyrenees."

When I went to the Prince with the news this morning [he writes to Mrs. Croker, August 15, 1813], he embraced me with both arms. You never saw a man so rejoiced. I have seen him again to-day, and you cannot conceive how gracious he is to me. We were very pleasant yesterday, and H.R.H. has asked me to go to the Pavilion Wednesday and Thursday, or as long as I can stay.

At the Pavilion, as well as at Carlton House and Windsor, Mr. Croker seems to have been always a welcome visitor, and very many pleasant pages of this book are filled with bright and picturesque records of what he saw and heard there.

The impression left is, upon the whole, favorable to the prince's head as well as to his heart. Several glimpses are given of his love for music, which seems to have not always been agreeable to some of the ladies who had the greatest influence over him. He would upon occasion leave them to *bouder* in a corner, while he sang duets and glees with the two pretty Misses Liddell (Lord Ravensworth's sisters), old Michael Kelly, Knvyett, and others. Thus one evening at the Pavilion in 1822, the king, we are told (vol. i., p. 250),

never left the pianoforte; he sang in "Glorious Apollo," "Mighty Conqueror," "Lord Mornington's Waterfall" (encored), "Non nobis, Domine," and several other glees and catches. His voice, a bass, is not good, and he does not sing so much from the notes as from recollection. He is, therefore, as a musician far from good; but he gave, I think, the force, gaiety, and spirit of the glees in a superior style to the professional men.

For the very obvious reason, we should say, that they were thinking of their tones, and he of the meaning of what was sung.

George IV. was very fond of children, and he took a marked liking for a sister of Mr. Croker's wife, whom Croker had adopted from childhood as his daughter. The king always called her by her pet name "Nony," and she was never forgotten at the children's balls, which were often given at the palace. Miss Croker, afterwards Lady Barrow, grew up to be a beautiful woman, and inspired Sir Thomas Lawrence to paint one of his finest portraits. "It was," says Allan Cunningham, "all airiness and grace," and "men stood before it in a half circle, admiring its loveliness, in the Exhibition" of 1827.

Mr. Croker himself was obviously a favorite with the king—most probably because he had little of the courtier in him, and could be relied on for sincerity in giving his opinion. Not the least interesting of his memoranda is the report, occupying twenty-three pages, of a conversation with the king (November 25, 1825). It arose out of Moore's "Life of Sheridan," which had recently appeared, and was lying on the table of his Majesty's dressing-room. Seeing Croker's interest in what he was saying, the king handed him first one sheet of paper, and then another, to make notes of what he said, and

he even moderated the flow of his narration to give his listener time to follow him. He went on narrating or rather dictating in this way "for some hours without interruption (except by a few interlocutory observations on [Mr. Croker's] part, and several anecdotal episodes on his), and with a clearness, grace, and vivacity" of which Mr. Croker says his notes could supply but a very inadequate idea.

Of this long and most interesting memorandum, no part will be read more eagerly than the king's account of his relations with Sheridan. "I don't like mentioning such things," he said, "but I must now tell you in confidence, that all through our intercourse I had aided Sheridan to an enormous amount. I can venture to say he has had above 25,000*l.* from me." He then went on to tell a pitiful story of the cause of the rupture between them. A sum of 3,000*l.* had been advanced in 1812, at Sheridan's request, to secure him a seat in Parliament, for which he said he had arranged. Knowing how little Sheridan's word was to be trusted in money matters, his friends had taken every precaution to make sure, as they thought, that the money should go into the hands for which it was said to be intended. By an artifice worthy of the veriest Jeremy Diddler, and which involved falsehood of the worst kind, Sheridan circumvented them, got the money into his own hands, and applied it to the payment of some of his debts. Ever after this, he kept out of the prince's way.

I sometimes, however, heard of him, and I once saw him by accident, as I shall tell you presently. He now took to live in a very low and obscure way, and all he looked for in the company he kept was brandy and water. He lived a good deal with some low acquaintance he had made—a harness-maker; I forget his name, but he had a house near Leatherhead. In that neighborhood I saw him for the last time, on the 17th of August, 1815. [He died July 7th, 1816.] I know the day from this circumstance, that I had gone to pay my brother a visit at Oatlands on his birthday, and next day, as I was crossing over to Brighton, I saw in the road near Leatherhead old Sheridan coming along the pathway. I see him now in the black stockings and blue coat with metal buttons. I said to Blomfield, "There is Sheridan;" but, as I spoke, he turned off into a lane when we were within about thirty yards of him, and walked off without looking behind him. That was the last time I ever saw Sheridan, nor did I hear of or from him for some months; but one morning MacMahon came up to my room, and after a little hesitation and apology for speaking to me about a person who had lately swindled me and him so shame-

lessly, he told me that Mr. Vaughan, Hat Vaughan they used to call him, had called to say that Sheridan was dangerously ill, and really in great distress and want. I think no one who ever knew me will doubt that I immediately said that his illness and want made me forget his faults, and that he must be taken care of, and that any money that was necessary I desired he would immediately advance. He asked me to name a sum, as a general order of that nature was not one on which he would venture to act, and whether I named or *he* suggested 500*l.* I do not remember; but I do remember that the 500*l.* was to be advanced at once to Mr. Vaughan, and that he was to be told that when that was gone he should have more. I set no limit to the sum, nor did I say nor hear a word about the mode in which it was to be applied, except only that I desired that it should not appear to come from me.

The king then gives reasons for this secrecy, which are not to be gainsaid, and proceeds:—

MacMahon went down to Mr. Vaughan's and told him what I had said, and that he had my directions to place 500*l.* in his hands. Mr. Vaughan, with some expression of surprise, declared that no such sum was wanted at present, and it was not without some pressing that he took 200*l.*, and said that if he found it insufficient he would return for more. He did come back, but not for more; for he told MacMahon that he had spent only 130*l.* or 140*l.*, and he gave the most appalling account of the misery which he had relieved with it.

The description which follows, of the state in which Mrs. Sheridan as well as Sheridan himself were found, is indeed appalling. Mr. Vaughan had done his best to relieve it by providing all needful comforts, and discharging some immediately pressing money claims.

I sent the next day [the King continued] to inquire after Sheridan, and the answer was that he was better, and more comfortable, and I had the satisfaction to think that he wanted nothing that money and the care and kindness of so judicious a friend as Mr. Vaughan could procure him: but the next day, that is two days after Mr. Vaughan had done all this, and actually expended near 150*l.*, as I have stated, he came to MacMahon with an air of mortification, and stated that he was come to return the 200*l.* "The 200*l.*," said MacMahon, with surprise. "Why, you had spent three-fourths of it the day before yesterday!" "True," returned Vaughan, "but some of those who left these poor people in misery have now insisted on their returning this money, which they suspect has come from the Prince. Where they got the money, I know not, but they have given me the amount, with a message that Mrs. Sheridan's friends had taken care that Mr. Sheridan wanted for nothing. I," added Mr. Vaughan, "can only say that this assistance

came rather late, for that three days ago I was enabled by His Royal Highness's bounty to relieve him and her from the lowest state of misery and debasement in which I had ever seen human beings."

This narrative, which bears upon it the stamp of truth, will clear the king's memory from the imputation, under which it has long labored, of having behaved ungenerously to a man whose society he had courted, and whose services he had used.

We may find room here for another anecdote of a royal personage from Mr. Croker's note-book.

The Duke of Glo'ster is a great asker of questions. He asked the Duke of Grafton, who, though sixty-six, does not look above fifty, "how old he was," before a large company in a country house. The Duke of Grafton did not like the inquiry, but answered. Some time after the Dukes met again, and the Duke of Glo'ster repeated this question, to which the Duke of Grafton dryly replied, "Sir, I am exactly three weeks two days older than when your Royal Highness last asked me that disagreeable question."

To return to our sketch of Mr. Croker's life. While making for himself a great official reputation, his position as one of the ablest debaters in the House came to be generally recognized. His great command of facts, and accuracy in statement, made him a formidable adversary, even to the leaders of the opposition. "At the distance of more than forty years," the late Lord Hatherton (formerly Mr. Littleton, secretary for Ireland under Lord Grey's government), writing in 1857, speaks of a continuous encounter between Tierney and Croker in committee of supply, as "the most brilliant scene of the kind which he remembered in the House of Commons during the twenty-three years he was a member of it." Mr. Croker, in reply to Lord Hatherton, gave some particulars of this debate:—

In the beginning of 1816 the ministerial defeat on the Property Tax and the public impatience for the reduction of the war establishments, together with some accidental defeats on minor points connected with the army, and especially the Admiralty, contributed to suggest to the Opposition a short cut to office by a *coup de main* against the Navy Estimates. It was the official etiquette that the senior lay Lord should make the motion, and not the Secretary, who might have been naturally expected to be better acquainted with the details. The senior lay Lord happened to be Warrender, a much cleverer fellow than he was generally thought, but who knew nothing at all of the Navy Estimates; the object was, therefore, to demolish Warrender at once, to nega-

tive going into Committee where the sea Lords and I would have been able to explain or justify details, and thus by so flagrant an affront overthrow the Ministry at a blow. For this purpose Tierney, then the real leader of the Opposition, with the additional authority which his being an ex-Treasurer of the Navy gave him, was himself to lead the onset. The Government were wholly unapprised of the scheme, and it happened (from a curious circumstance, but too complicated to repeat) that I did not expect the debate that night, and had not even brought down the office red box containing my detailed notes on the estimates which I hardly expected to want that night, or at least not so early in the evening! The box was left on my desk at the Admiralty, whence if necessary it might be had.

We knew nothing of the intentions of the Opposition, but I remember we were somewhat surprised at the numbers and the eagerness they exhibited, and the tone in which Tierney in some preliminary conversation about the loan had menaced us with an utter defeat "in half an hour;" and certainly, if he had not based his hopes on a most extraordinary blunder, he would have succeeded. In a most able and forcible speech he examined and contrasted the late war and present peace estimates, and showed by the indisputable figures that the estimates, so far from being prepared with any pretence to economy, were, everywhere and in all branches, enormously increased. "What could be done with such derisive, such insulting documents, than throw them back in the face of the Government?" You may recollect the enthusiasm of the Opposition as this speech proceeded, and the uneasiness at our side. But it was no surprise to me. I was prepared for it, and was waiting quietly on a back bench for Warrender's reply, which I knew might be complete. In the mean while Castle-reagh grew alarmed, and beckoned me down to sit by him, and he asked me "what answer could be made to all that." "Oh," said I, "Warrender has a full answer that will blow it all away in five minutes." "I," exclaimed Warrender, "I know nothing about it." "What," said I, "have you not the memorandum I gave Lord Melville and you yesterday, or at least notes of it?" "No," said Warrender, "Lord Melville said they were old stories, and had nothing to do with these times." "Good Lord!" I said, "and where is the memorandum?" "I put it back," said he, "in the bundle you gave us."

"But you can state the facts," said Castle-reagh. "It will be of no effect," I replied. The facts are only a series of figures, which nothing but the identical figures can substantiate. "But where," said C., "is the paper?" "At the Admiralty in a red box."

Billy Holmes,* very much alarmed at the aspect of the House, volunteered to dash away for the recovery of the red box and brought it me in a wonderfully short space of time, and

there I found my memorandum, which was an abstract of the *last war* and *first peace* estimates ever since the treaty of Ryswick, in all of which the peace estimate for establishments exceeded the war estimate, and proved that *natura rerum* it must of necessity do so. The estimates are of two classes; first, for *active* service; second, for the establishments; the active service, called the "*vote of seamen*," was for ship's victuals, ammunition, wear and tear, and wages, etc., for 145,000 men; say 100 sail of the line. When peace came, 80 of the 100 sail were paid off, and reduced the expense of *that* estimate which fell to nothing, while they and their various expenses were transferred over to the *establishment* estimate, commonly called "the Navy Estimate;" which, of course, was proportionally increased in all its branches. The simple reading of this memorandum, and the evidence of the figures in *every case* from the treath of Ryswick, changed the face of the House in a moment. Our opponents were ashamed of Tierney, and Tierney was ashamed of himself to be taken in such a mare's nest; and the mortification was the greater, for he had been a party to the same process as Treasurer of the Navy in 1803. The thing was so obvious that, though I had taken pains (for I never spared pains) to work it out, and had given it to Melville and Warrender as general information, I really did not expect that any one, least of all an old fox like Tierney, would have ever given me an opportunity of using it, but my diligence was rewarded by good luck; and I certainly never saw in Parliament so sudden and so complete a turning of the tide of victory.

Mr. Croker gained another success in Parliament during this year by inducing the legislature to purchase the Elgin Marbles, now in the British Museum. His exertions called forth a warm acknowledgment from Lord Elgin. Three years later, the late Lord Monteaagle, then Mr. Spring Rice, who, besides being of opposite politics, was smarting under an unfavorable review of his "*Primitia Literaria*" by Mr. Croker, wrote of a speech which he had just made on the Catholic question, with a warmth of eulogy which only oratory of a high order could have inspired:—

MY DEAR CAREY, . . . I have just heard your friend Croker, and you could not wish him or any favourite of yours to have made a stronger or more favourable impression upon the House. . . . It showed him to be an honest Irishman no less than an able statesman. It showed him at this moment to be disinterested, and ready to quit the road of fortune under the auspices of his personal friend Peel, if the latter was only to be conciliated by what Oxonians term orthodoxy, and we Cantabs consider as intolerance.

This was high praise, especially from

* Mr. W. Holmes, commonly known as "Black Billy," was then acting as the Treasury Whip.

one who knew by what ties of affectionate friendship, as well as of political sympathy, Croker was bound to Peel. Soon after his entry into Parliament they had formed a close friendship. The copious and most interesting correspondence between them contained in these volumes commences in 1812, when Peel was secretary for Ireland, and is continued without intermission down to the time when he introduced his measure for the abolition of the Corn Laws. To this friendship we owe several letters from Peel, in that lighter vein, which he could adopt successfully upon occasion, but of which few specimens have hitherto seen the light. They went together to Paris, during its occupation by the Allied Armies after the battle of Waterloo. Mr. Croker had his services called into play, while there, to aid Castlereagh and Wellington in important diplomatic work, as will be seen from the following memorandum:—

I was in Paris in July 1815, while Buonaparte was still lingering at Rochefort, and there was great anxiety on the part of the French Government to get rid of him. We were anxious to take him prisoner; the French ministers, Talleyrand, Fouché, etc., were desirous that he should escape to America. There was held on the evening of the 12th of July, a kind of double Cabinet Council as to what was to be done. As I was Secretary of the Admiralty and knew the state and strength of our naval blockade, I was invited by Lord Castlereagh and the Duke to accompany them to this meeting, where we found Talleyrand, Fouché, and M. de Jaucourt, then Minister of Marine. Measures were concerted for capturing him. I held the pen; Talleyrand took little or no part. Fouché was evidently anxious that Buonaparte should escape, and made all sorts of objections, and particularly as to some strong expressions I used and some strong measures which I suggested. Jaucourt was fair and straightforward. When that affair had been discussed, the Duke turned short round on Fouché about Vincennes, the Governor of which had hoisted the white flag, but would not surrender the fortress. The Duke, it seems, had twice before urged Fouché to put an end to this disagreeable farce; once, I think, that very morning (our present conference was at night), and Fouché had promised that the fort should be surrendered that day; he now put on a penitential air and said that the Governor was *entêté et opiniâtre*, and would not obey the orders, and, shrugging his shoulders, "Que voulez-vous que je fasse?" The Duke reddened at this question, and stood up and said sharply: "Ce n'est pas à moi, M. le Duc, de vous dire ce que vous avez à faire, mais je vous dirai ce que je ferai, moi! Si la place n'est pas rendue à dix heures demain matin, je la prendrai de vive force. Enten-

dez-vous?" Fouché hummed and hawed, and hoped he would not be so precipitate, and that a day or two might arrange it à l'amiable. The Duke said, No, he had been put off in this same way for (I think he said) two days; much longer than he ought to have waited. "A présent vous avez mon dernier mot, et vous devez savoir que ce que je vous dis je le ferai; si la place n'est pas rendue à dix heures du matin, elle sera prise à midi." He then turned to me, who was sitting at a writing-table, and said: "Croker, you never saw a fight; be with me at 9 o'clock to-morrow morning; I shall give you some breakfast, mount you on a good horse and take you to see the show"—adding gravely—"a show which I shall be very sorry to exhibit, but which such an outrage on good faith and honour forces upon me. The affair," he said, turning to the French Ministers, "is still more insulting to the King of France and his Government than to us; but if you can't arrange it, I must." When he said this, he wished us good-night, and left us. The French Ministers then said a few words to Castlereagh, asking his interposition, who only answered that it was a military point on which the Duke was sole judge; and he assuredly will do what he has told you. M. de Ligny (who was to carry the dispatches) was then called in, and was told that he would receive his instructions next day. I sat up late writing my dispatch under Castlereagh's instructions, and making a copy for London. I went to the Duke early next morning and found that he had really taken his measures for storming the place; but the fort was given up. I unluckily did not make a note of this at the time, but I have since talked of the circumstance with the Duke, and think that the foregoing is tolerably accurate.

The admirable despatch above alluded to was addressed to Rear-Admiral Sir H. Hotham, the senior officer in Basque Roads. It is too long for quotation here; but there is little doubt that Fouché, who was in communication with Buonaparte, sent him notice that, if he attempted to run the blockade, the English cruisers had orders to sink the French ship.

In Paris Mr. Croker kept very early hours—and was up by half past six, reading or writing. His companions, Peel and Mr. Vesey (afterwards Lord Fitzgerald), took things easily, and enjoyed the stirring and remarkable sights and social aspects of Paris, delighted on the one hand at having got rid of Napoleon, while fretting on the other under the occupation of an enemy, and especially irritated by the insolence of the Prussians, who, Croker mentions, were "hardly less offensive to the English than the French." Thus, while Croker is kept till one in the morning at the conference mentioned above to

concoct measures for the capture of Buonaparte, his friends had been indulging themselves in a peep at the gaming-houses in the Palais Royal, where "Fitzgerald lost ten louis, and Peel, more lucky, won five." Croker was brought into direct contact with all the remarkable people, and his sketches of such men as Talleyrand, Fouché, Denon, and anecdotes of Louis XVIII., Napoleon, Blücher, and others, are animated as well as valuable contributions to the history of the time.

On their way back to England, the friends had the good fortune to have as their guide (July 27) over the field of Waterloo the Duke of Richmond, who had seen the whole action up to 3 P.M. "Without such a guide we should have seen but little," Croker writes, "for one might have passed along the two roads that lead through the ground, nay, might have ridden over it without finding out that anything very extraordinary had passed there." Nevertheless, he finds much to tell that is well worth reading—among other things this story of the landlady of the little inn, where he lunched with his friends, and where Wellington had put up on the 18th of June.

On the morning of the battle the poor landlady was weeping and bewailing her danger, but the Duke, she said, encouraged her, and said, slapping her on the shoulders, "*C'est moi qui répond de tout, personne ne souffrira aujourd'hui des Français excepté les soldats.*"

Besides their letters on the graver topics of these anxious years, Croker seems to have kept Peel posted up in what was going on in literary and social circles in London. "You are the only man in London," Peel writes from Dublin (Nov. 22, 1817) "who takes compassion on your friends in foreign parts, and enlightens their darkness." In return he tells Croker to look out for squalls, as Lady Morgan is vowing vengeance against him as the supposed author of an article in the *Quarterly*, "in which her atheism, profanity, indecency, and ignorance, are exposed." The article was by Croker, but to Lady Morgan's hostility he was supremely indifferent. She was supposed to have drawn him as "Counsellor Con" in a novel published in 1814, by way of retaliation for an uncomplimentary review of "Woman; or Ida of Athens," in the first number of the *Quarterly*, which was, it seems, written not by Mr. Croker, but by Mr. Gifford. "This," Mr. Jennings tells us, "was not by any means the last occasion on which Mr. Croker was struck

at for causes of offence of which he was wholly innocent." Croker's reply as to Lady Morgan is characteristic. "She, it seems, is resolved to make me read one of her novels. I hope I shall feel interested enough to learn the language. . . . Your godson thrives apace. He has seven teeth, and bites harder than Lady Morgan." This godson was Mr. Croker's only child, born in January of that year (1817), and named Spencer after his father's first patron, Mr. Perceval. He was the light of his parents' eyes, but soon to be lost to them.

In addition to the many other services which Mr. Croker rendered to literature, we must not omit to mention the establishment of the Athenæum Club, of which he was the founder. He also endeavored to get Cleopatra's Needle removed to England, and he proposed to do it by means of a raft of timber roughly shaped so as to fit and enclose the obelisk, which might thus be towed to England in fine weather. The suggestion is remarkable as anticipating the manner in which the Needle was actually transported in 1877.

We make a few extracts from Mr. Croker's note-book at this period:—

Mr. Bankes's manners in society are not very easy or agreeable. He has just published a history of Rome, which was pronounced dull, "and yet," said Jekyll, "his Rome is better than his company."*

There is an inscription on the great Spanish mortar in the park in no very classical Latin. Part of the ornaments on the carriage are dogs' heads; Why dogs' heads? to account for the Latin," said Jekyll.

The Sun office, in the Strand, was one of the first which exhibited the fashion, since grown so common, of introducing columns; when it was noticed as a novelty, it was answered that, on the contrary, it was a very ancient fashion—"Atria solis erant sublimibus alta columnis."

Mr. Pepper, a gentleman well known in the Irish sporting world, asked Lord Norbury to suggest a name for a very fine hunter of his; Lord Norbury, himself a good sportsman, who knew that Mr. Pepper had had a fall or two, advised him to call the horse "*Peppercaster*."

Mr. O'Connell, whose arrest by the civil power as he was proceeding to meet Mr. Peel was supposed not to be quite involuntary on his own part, was soon after arguing a law point in the Common Pleas, and happened to use the phrase, "I fear, my Lords, I do not make myself understood." "Go on, go on, Mr. O'Connell," replied Lord Norbury, "no one is more easily apprehended."

* It need scarcely be said that at this period the fashionable pronunciation of the word was "Roqm."

A sad epoch in Mr. Croker's life was marked by the death of his only child, on the 20th of May, 1820, after about three weeks' illness, during which his father rarely left his bedside day or night.

"My poor wife is heart-broken," he wrote to Peel; "heaven preserve you from such a calamity as has beaten us down." "I am almost unwilling," was Peel's reply, "to break in by any allusion upon the sacred subject of your grief, for I know how futile every attempt must be to offer any other consolations to you than those to which your own mind has already had recourse. I most deeply and sincerely sympathise with you, and earnestly pray for every alleviation of misery that it is possible for you and the partner of your woes to receive."

The loss of his son for the time utterly unnerved him. It killed within him every aspiration for advancement in a political career. Only the fear of the mischief to his health of mind and body, which might ensue on retiring from office, kept him from resigning his post at the Admiralty. Many months afterwards he wrote, "I look upon office as Hamlet did upon life" [the allusion, no doubt, is to the line, "I do not set my life at a pin's fee,"] "and would not be displeased with him who should take it from me. Indeed, since the death of my poor child, I have been meditating a retreat, and would have executed it, but that I am afraid of my own powers of solitude and *désœuvrement*. However, I conveyed lately to Lord Liverpool my readiness, if my office would facilitate his arrangements, to place it at his disposal." His services, however, were far too important to be dispensed with; and it was well for his ultimate happiness that his mind was kept at work at his "old green desk," and not allowed to dwell, as it otherwise might have done, upon a sorrow, which through all his unusually busy life never ceased to weigh heavily upon him.

Croker had for some time previously begun to look to Peel as the future leader of his party; and when it came to be rumored that he was about to retire from public life, on relinquishing the irksome office of secretary for Ireland, Croker wrote to him, reporting the conversation of many of the leading men of his party, who had with one voice maintained that "Peel was the person whom all the friends of good order would support. I know," he added, "that ministers are not made in conversations before or after dinner. But I know also that when public opinion (which often speaks at such times through

organs of the kind I have quoted) designates a man for high station, it is a duty which his friends owe him, not to leave him ignorant of the manner in which his name is mentioned. I do what I think to be the duty of friendship and affection towards you in thus telling you what I hear." The post which Croker and his friends desired for Peel was that of chancellor of the exchequer, then very inefficiently filled by Mr. Vansittart. Two other possible candidates were being discussed, Mr. Huskisson and Mr. Canning, but the former, Croker wrote, wanted eloquence, and the latter, as some thought, honesty, while Peel, "uniting both, would unite the confidence of the whole party."

"We know what we are, we know not what we may be," is well illustrated in Peel's reply.

MY DEAR CROKER, — To all the latter part of your letter I answer in the emphatic term of a reverend Pastor in the "Vicar of Wakefield," — Fudge.

I am thinking of anything but office, and am just as anxious to be emancipated from office as the Papists are to be emancipated into it.

I am for the abolition of slavery, and no men have a right to condemn another to worse than Egyptian bondage, to require him not to make bricks without straw, which a man of straw might have some chance of doing (as Lord Norbury would certainly say), but to raise money and abolish taxes in the same breath.

"Night cometh when no man can work," said one who could not have foreseen the fate of a man in office and the House of Commons.

A fortnight hence I shall be free as air — free from ten thousand engagements which I cannot fulfil; free from the anxiety of having more to do than it is possible to do well; free from the acknowledgments of that gratitude which consists in a lively sense of future favours; free from the necessity of abstaining from private intimacy that will certainly interfere with public duty; free from Orangemen; free from Ribbonmen; free from Dennis Browne; free from the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs; free from men who pretend to be Protestants on principle and sell Dundalk to —, the Papist of Cork; free from Catholics who become Protestants to get into Parliament after the manner of old —; free from perpetual converse about the Harbour of Howth and Dublin Bay haddock; and, lastly, free of the Company of Carvers and Gilders, which I became this day in reward of my public services. Ever most affectionately yours. (Vol. i., p. 116.)

Peel adhered for the time to his resolution, but Croker clung as resolutely to the belief in a great future for him. "Mind, I tell you," he wrote to Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, "whatever may befall your merit

or mine, the country will not suffer Peel's merit to be neglected. It will call for him in a way that the dearest of the Cabinet will be obliged to hear."

Croker's desire to secure for his party the aid of Peel, from this time occupied him more than ever. On the 14th of September, 1821, he writes to him:—

For my own part, in the whole round of the political compass there is no point to which I look with any interest but yourself. I myself remain in office only because I doubt my own strength of mind, and am afraid of the consequences of idleness and of a change in that mode of life in which I have spent all my best days; but ambitious hope or wish I have not; and there is really nothing that royal or ministerial partiality could do for me that I would accept as a favour; and, moreover, there is not, in public life, any one man in whose fortunes I feel that kind of interest which gives a zest to political existence—for I do not look upon you as now a public man. I confess I should like to see you in high and *effective* office, for a hundred reasons which I have before told you, and for some which I have not told you and need not tell you; but if I looked only to your own comfort and happiness, I should never wish to see you within the walls of Pandemonium.

Mr. Croker's wish was gratified in 1822, when Peel took office under Lord Liverpool as home secretary; and the two friends fought the battle of their party side by side down to 1827, when the breakdown of Lord Liverpool's health raised the question of a successor. The choice lay between Canning and Peel; but on the principle that "two stars keep not their motion in one sphere," it was impossible that one should serve under the other. Much as Croker would have wished to see Peel at the head of affairs, this he saw was not practicable in the then state of parties. Accordingly he stood by Canning, and played so important a part in his counsels about the arrangements for his administration, that a cloud of jealousy towards his old friend was raised for a time, but only for a time, in Peel's mind. Croker's loyalty comes out clearly in his correspondence. Nothing would have gratified him more, than to have seen Peel and Canning in the same Cabinet. To the latter he writes (April 27, 1827): "My regard and gratitude to the Duke of Wellington, who first brought me forward in public life, my private love for Peel, and my respect and admiration for you, made and make me most anxious that you should all hold together" (vol. i., p. 369). It is interesting to find how large a share Lord Lyndhurst, then for the first time

lord chancellor, as well as Croker, had in settling these arrangements—a fact mentioned at p. 224 of Martin's "Life of Lord Lyndhurst." This appears from a letter of Lord Lyndhurst's of Dec. 23, 1856 (vol. iii., p. 368), confirming Croker's account of what had then taken place in regard to himself.

MY DEAR LYNDHURST [Croker had written], Do you *still* remember what you once reminded me of, the dinner that Canning gave you and me when he was settling his Administration? After you and he had discussed several persons and allotted several offices, in which I perhaps *too saucily* gave my poor opinion, you said to me in a tone of pleasantry, "And now, Croker, that you have settled almost all the offices of the State, what do you mean to *take for yourself*?" Though this was a mere pleasantry, I answered, if not seriously at least sincerely, that circumstanced as I was I could not change my position; and Canning (I think) reluctantly, and you also, acquiesced in my motives.

The truth was, that Croker neither then, nor at the formation of any of the later Tory ministries, desired anything for himself. As he says, "I preferred remaining at the Admiralty, where I was master of my business, and not unacceptable to the public. I thought it my duty to remain with and support Mr. Canning on public grounds."

When Lord Goderich, on Mr. Canning's death, was called upon to form an administration, he consulted Mr. Croker, who urged upon him the introduction of the Duke of Wellington and Peel into the government, and a coalition of the Tories with the moderate Whigs. He had the courage to tell Lord Goderich that without such a fusion the ministry could not meet Parliament, and that "he would never make a king's speech." There were difficulties about minor appointments, but in order that these might not stand in the way, Mr. Croker offered to resign his own appointment, worth, as he himself says, "3,200*l.* a year, with one of the best houses in London." To Peel, his friend's views must have been well known. He naturally hung back from serving under a leader who, as Lord Lowther writes to Mr. Croker, had neither "talent, nerve, nor audacity, to conduct or regulate the government machine;" and so that happened, which was predicted in the same letter. Goderich's ill-assorted Cabinet "hobbled on upon crutches till the meeting of Parliament, when he became frightened and bolted." Mr. Croker's memorandum of his long and interesting con-

versation with Lord Goderich on August 11th, 1827, is a valuable contribution to the history of that short-lived administration (vol. i., pp. 389, *seqq.*).

On what then happened, and the negotiations which resulted in the Duke of Wellington's most reluctantly accepting the premiership, and Peel's returning to his old place at the Home Office, much light is thrown by these volumes. Mr. Croker would not himself take office; but his services had been and were so valuable to his leaders, that they insisted on his allowing himself, as a slight recognition of them, to be sworn of the Privy Council. This honor he had refused to accept from two previous administrations; and indeed he regarded such honors with a philosophical unconcern. But he could not but know that those who loved him were not likely to share his indifference.

In the stormy conflicts of the Wellington administration, Mr. Croker did loyal and valuable service to his leaders. On the question of the Catholic claims his opinions had from the day he entered Parliament in 1807 been in advance of theirs, and when they were driven by the stress of circumstances in 1829 to adopt them, his often expressed opinion that their conversion would come too late was verified. He had also for many years advocated a measure of Parliamentary reform, which would have transferred to the great centres of commerce and industry the seats of decayed and corrupt boroughs. So far back as 1822 he had urged in a letter to Peel, here published (vol. ii., p. 52), the necessity of dealing frankly with this question, and depriving the Radicals of complaint on the ground of abuses in the Parliamentary system, which it was impossible to justify. The eventual consequences of letting the Reform movement grow to a head, he did not pretend to guess, but, he adds, "the first step or two seems plain enough—the day which reforms the House of Commons dissolves the House of Lords, and overturns the Church. Beyond that, I cannot venture to guess. Temporary circumstances, the state of the army, and the personal character of the king, would decide whether there would ensue a military despotism, another martyrdom at Whitehall, or another flight from Faversham."

Holding these opinions, which were not likely to be modified by the great development of the democratic spirit in the intervening years, Mr. Croker viewed with something like dismay the momentum which that spirit received from the Revo-

lution in Paris of July, 1830, and the signs of an approaching revolution in Belgium, and the advantage taken of the upheaval and ferment abroad for the purposes of a Reform agitation at home. When the Wellington ministry retired in November of that year, Mr. Croker at once resigned his office at the Admiralty. "I this morning," he writes to Lord Hertford (Nov. 30), "left the office and the house in which I have spent twenty-two years. I left it with the kind of regret one feels at hearing of the death of a very old acquaintance whom one was not very fond of. You are sorry to think that you are never to see *Jack* again, though you must confess he was a *great bore*." Sir James Graham, the new first lord of the admiralty, who seems, in later years at least, to have been on most familiar and friendly terms with Mr. Croker, in accepting his resignation, expressed his regret (vol. ii., p. 75) that "the Admiralty would no longer have the benefit of his brilliant talents and faithful services." Mr. Croker, with his views of the duty of a man to his party, and of the unity of principle by which a ministry should be pervaded, could not have hesitated for a moment as to the step he had thus taken. A passage quoted by Mr. Jennings from a letter of this year contrasts painfully with the notions entertained by the incongruous body which now calls itself the Liberal party, and which might be well described in the phrase applied to party politics by Croker, as "a fortuitous concourse of atoms."

I am one of those who have always thought that party attachments and consistency are in the *first* class of a statesman's duties, because without them he must be incapable of performing any useful service to his country. I think, moreover, that it is part of our well-understood, though unwritten, constitution, that a party which aspires to govern this country ought to have *within itself* the means of filling all the offices, and I therefore disapprove of making a *Subscription Ministry*, to which every man may belong, without reference to his understood principles or practices.

Although released from official life, Mr. Croker considered the issues involved in the Reform Bill to be of so momentous a kind, that he was bound to do his best in supporting the views of his party. "There can be no longer any doubt," he writes to Lord Hertford, "that the Reform Bill is, what Hume called it, a *stepping-stone* in England to a republic, and in Ireland to separation. Both may happen without the Reform Bill, but with it they are inevitable." Deeply impressed by this con-

viction, he threw himself with energy into the debates, and showed a fertility of resource, a command of facts, and a vigor of style, which commanded the admiration even of his opponents. There was one distinguished exception in Macaulay. He had come down to the House on the 22nd of September, 1831, with one of his elaborately prepared orations, in which he had attacked the House of Lords, pointing to the downfall of the French nobility as a warning of what might result from a want of "sympathy with the people." Mr. Croker rose at once in reply, and triumphantly showed upon the spur of the moment, from the facts of the French Revolutionary history with which his mind had for years been imbued, that the analogy was baseless, and that it was weak concession, and not resistance to popular clamor, which had accelerated the downfall of the French *noblesse*. He carried the House with him: Macaulay's rhetoric was eclipsed, and a man of his egotistical temperament was not likely to forgive the defeat, or the reference in Croker's speech to "vague generalities handled with that brilliant imagination, which tickles the ear and amuses the imagination, without satisfying the reason."

This was not, however, the first discomfiture in the House that Macaulay had sustained at Croker's hands. In several previous encounters he had come off badly, and he had taken his revenge in his famous article in a recent number of the *Edinburgh Review* on Croker's edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," an article which, with strange self-complacency, he writes (October 17, 1831) had "smashed" a work which, our own memory tells us, was hailed at the time by the best judges with gratitude and satisfaction, which had an immense sale, and is still regarded as the best edition of the book. It is amusing to find Macaulay, in less than a month after Croker's celebrated speech, writing to his friend Ellis, "Croker looks across the House of Commons at me with a leer of hatred, which I repay with a gracious smile of pity!" He little knew his man. "Vos injures ne montent pas à la hauteur de mon dédain," as M. Guizot once retorted upon an assailant, would more truly express Croker's feeling. He left it to his friend Lockhart to show up, in one of the *Blackwood* "Noctes," the groundlessness of the charges of inaccuracy,* while he

was himself well content to rest upon the consciousness that he had, as these volumes prove, spared no pains to gather together with infinite care, and to arrange with well-studied skill, the "much curious information," by which Macaulay, not in his review, but in a letter to his sister (June 29, 1831), admits the edition to be enriched.

Mr. Croker had shown himself in this session to be of so great value to his party in Parliament, that, during the unsuccessful attempt to form a Tory ministry in May, 1832, Lord Lyndhurst wrote to the Duke of Wellington: "It is, I think, *absolutely necessary* that Croker should consent to be a member of the Cabinet. I think, with his assistance, the House of Commons may be managed." But Croker valued his own character for consistency too highly to enter a government which could not have existed for a week, except on a promise of such a measure of reform as he could not in his conscience approve. "I told the duke," he writes (vol. ii., p. 159), "that I had neither birth, nor station, nor fortune; nothing but my personal character to hold by; and I would leave him to judge what would be thought of me if, after the part I had taken, I should be found supporting Schedule A, and accepting a high office and salary as the price of that support. I should lose myself, and do the cause more harm than good." He further told him, that at Christmas, 1830, he had apprised all his friends, private and political, that he would never again enter upon political life, and that "besides all other reasons, he felt his health could not stand the worry of business." The account of all that then took place, given in Mr. Croker's memoranda, throws the fullest light upon the hitherto rather obscure history of a movement which roused the furious indignation of the Whig party at the time. To him seems to have been due the suggestion which was acted upon (vol. ii., p. 163), that the duke should inform William IV. that, to save him from the mortification of making peers after having refused to do so, he and his friends would abstain from attending the House of Lords to vote against the Reform Bill.

On the dissolution which followed its passing, Mr. Croker carried out his decision to retire from public life. Dublin University, which on a former occasion had rejected him, now let it be known that they were anxious to return him. Other seats were placed at his disposal, and the Duke of Wellington importuned him to

* These answers by Mr. Lockhart will be found reprinted in Croker's edition of "Boswell," published by Mr. Murray in one large volume.

re-enter Parliament. "All my political friends," he writes to Lord Fitzgerald (August 28, 1832), "are very angry with me — the duke seriously so." The reason he gave was an utterly inadequate one. It was that he would not "spontaneously take an active share in a system which must, in my judgment, subvert the Church, the peerage, and the throne — in one word, the constitution of England." No wonder his friends were angry. This was to run away from the colors. The stronger his faith in his own convictions, the more did it seem to them to be his duty to stand by them in defending to the last what he and they held so dear. Was his judgment, however, not influenced by a regard to his failing health, to which he had at an earlier stage adverted, and to a desire for greater freedom to pursue his literary labors? We think it must have been. For a time, says Mr. Jennings, "there can be no doubt that he greatly missed his old employment, and that the prospect of never again being heard in the House of Commons depressed his spirits." The fit seems, however, to have soon passed off; for in a letter of November in the same year, he writes from his library at West Moulsey, where he was now settled, that he had just declined a formal invitation to stand for Nottingham, adding, in the contented spirit of a true man of letters: —

I wish you could see my library here. I think it a model for a book-drawing-room; it is but just finished and all in the very cheapest way; but every one who has seen or sat in it is delighted with it. It is rather odd, and would frighten poor Smirke by its angles and irregularities; but it is warm and comfortable, and holds 3000 volumes without diminishing the size of the room, and without having, I think, any of the sombre formality of a library. I have besides a little den which holds 1000 volumes more, and in which I *work*. In short, with the drawbacks which I have mentioned, I am as happy in my mind, as satisfied with my very moderate fortunes, and as contented with my humble location and still humbler avocations, as it is possible to be. (Vol. ii., p. 195.)

It was from his library that Croker was henceforth to fight the battle of his party.

His confidence that ere long his friend Peel must come into power as the head of a Tory government, to act upon the opinions he had always professed, remained unshaken, notwithstanding the doubts of his friend Lord Hertford and others as to the reliance to be placed on that statesman's candor and consistency.

Mr. Croker's correspondence both with Peel and the Duke of Wellington continued to be of the most confidential kind. How very grave were the apprehensions of all three as to the ultimate results of the Reform Bill, appears from innumerable passages in these volumes. Mr. Jennings says truly (vol. ii., p. 94): "It may be, if Mr. Croker were living to-day, he would contend that we are in the middle, not at the end of the history; that the sequence of events must be watched till its close, before we can assume the right to decide whether or not the forecast of 1831-32 was based upon truth or error." The elements for a judgment have of late accumulated with a fearful rapidity. What Wellington in 1833 expressed to Mr. Croker as his view of what that "history" was likely to be, is at least worth consideration in the light of present experience: —

The operation of the Reform Bill, though it would probably be slow, was nevertheless sure. The old aristocratical interest has great stamina, and will hold together a long while; but, seeing how it has yielded before this shock when in its entire strength, what is it to do in a succession of shocks, each of which will give fresh powers to the democracy? My opinion is that a democracy, once set a-going, must sooner or later work itself out till it ends in anarchy, and that some kind of despotism must then come to restore society. How long we may take in going through that process depends on circumstances, but I myself do not see how the encroaching power of the people out of doors on the House of Commons, and the encroaching power of the House of Commons on the House of Lords and the Crown, is to be checked and brought back to its fair balance.

The Grey administration was by this time tottering, and very greatly dependent upon the Tory opposition for keeping it on its legs. This was a state of things which obviously could not last, and Peel had made up his mind, if occasion arose, to take office, and try to rally into something of its old compactness and vigor the scattered forces of what Croker was the first to call "the Conservatives." Lord Melbourne, who succeeded Lord Grey in July, 1834, having been in November judged by the king unable to carry on the government, weakened as it was by the retirement of Lord Althorp, this occasion arose sooner than Peel had foreseen, and when he was enjoying a holiday in Italy. How truly he was attached to Croker may be judged from the fact, that his very first letter, on reaching England in obedience to the royal summons, was to him, telling

how, in his journey with Lady Peel and their daughter, they had "travelled by night over precipices and snow eight nights out of twelve," and asking him to call. "It will be a relief to me from the harrassing cares that await me." Croker was laid up with a cold, but he wrote instantly words of good cheer to his friend. He was, however, by no means hopeful that Peel could get together a Cabinet that would stand, especially if it had too much of an anti-reform color. But of these misgivings he said nothing, while tendering advice which his observation of what had been going on in Peel's absence made most valuable.*

When they met, Peel's first question to Croker was, whether he adhered to his resolution not to take office. His reply was, that nothing would induce him to enter the House of Commons. "I thought," he writes, "Peel winced a little, but he said he would still talk to me in full confidence of all his views." In the full light of these confidences, Croker refused to listen to those members of the Tory party, in whom the exposition of policy contained in the famous Tamworth Manifesto had created a feeling of distrust. In an article in this review he took up its defence, commending Peel for his endeavor to neutralize the apprehended evils of the Reform Bill by mitigating "the mischiefs to which its adversaries may have thought it liable." In the gallant struggle maintained by Peel throughout his short-lived administration, he appears by the correspondence now printed to have been in constant communication on political affairs with Croker, who, on the other hand, gratified his own sympathies with the claims of literature and science by urging Peel to take them into liberal consideration. He persuaded his friend, who in this matter was nothing loath, to give to Mrs. Somerville a grant of 200*l.* a year, and to help Maginn, "though, I believe," Croker writes, "he has libelled you and me,"—and he also pressed for some relief to Moore, who was then in doleful financial straits. To Lord Lyndhurst he appealed to give a living to another struggling literary man, the Rev. George Croly. "I know that I speak to willing ears," he wrote, "and that personally as well as politically you are disposed to illustrate yourself and the government, by giving good things to good men, in preference to other considerations." Lyndhurst had already proved this, by the appointments

he had given to Macaulay and to Sydney Smith. In the incidents of that administration, nothing, it is clear, gave greater pleasure to Peel to write, and to Croker to learn, than that the chancellor had given a living to Crabbe, one of Croker's favorite poets, and liberal pensions to Professor Airy, Mrs. Somerville, Sharon Turner, Southey, and James Montgomery.

The only meeting of Nelson and Wellington, as described by the duke himself to Croker, forms one of the numerous memoranda which give a special charm to these volumes.

Wulmer, October 1st, 1834.—We were talking of Lord Nelson, and some instances were mentioned of the egotism and vanity that derogated from his character. "Why," said the Duke, "I am not surprised at such instances, for Lord Nelson was, in different circumstances, two quite different men, as I myself can vouch, though I only saw him once in my life, and for, perhaps, an hour. It was soon after I returned from India. I went to the Colonial Office in Downing Street, and there I was shown into the little waiting-room on the right hand, where I found, also waiting to see the Secretary of State, a gentleman, whom from his likeness to his pictures and the loss of an arm, I immediately recognized as Lord Nelson. He could not know who I was, but he entered at once into conversation with me, if I can call it conversation, for it was almost all on his side and all about himself, and in, really, a style so vain and so silly as to surprise and almost disgust me. I suppose something that I happened to say may have made him guess that I was *somebody*, and he went out of the room for a moment, I have no doubt to ask the office-keeper who I was, for when he came back he was altogether a different man, both in manner and matter. All that I had thought a charlatan style had vanished, and he talked of the state of this country and of the aspect and probabilities of affairs on the Continent, with a good sense, and a knowledge of subjects both at home and abroad, that surprised me equally and more agreeably than the first part of our interview had done; in fact, he talked like an officer and a statesman. The Secretary of State kept us long waiting, and certainly, for the last half or three-quarters of an hour, I don't know that I ever had a conversation that interested me more. Now, if the Secretary of State had been punctual, and admitted Lord Nelson in the first quarter of an hour, I should have had the same impression of a light and trivial character that other people have had, but luckily I saw enough to be satisfied that he was really a very superior man; but certainly a more sudden and complete metamorphosis I never saw."

When Sir R. Peel resumed the reins of office in the autumn of 1841, Mr. Croker wielded his pen in this review with all his

* See vol. ii., p. 247.

wanted vigor in support of his friend's measures. "He still retained," says Mr. Jennings (vol. iii., p. 382), "that unbounded faith in Sir R. Peel, which has been shown throughout this correspondence, from the early days of Peel's career, when scarcely anybody else reposed confidence in him. He therefore accepted Peel's views, however much they must at times have startled him." And certainly they must have startled him, if he read Peel's letters during the first years of his administration, here printed, in the same sense in which they will now be read by every one. It is clear from them, that the process of conversion was going on rapidly to views entirely opposed to those which his supporters believed he had come into power to advocate. These letters will not help to relieve Peel from the imputation, that he did not in good time and with manly frankness inform his party of the change that was taking place in his own mind, which had he done, the result might have been very different, not only as affecting his own reputation, but the welfare of the kingdom, by averting the disintegration of the Conservative party.

The attacks of Mr. Disraeli and his friends on the policy of Peel found, as might have been expected, no sympathy from Mr. Croker. He spoke of them, and certainly with no undue asperity, in one of his political articles, merely expressing "surprise and regret that they should not see, even with their own peculiar views, the extreme inconsistency and impolicy of endeavoring to create distrust of the only statesman in whom the great Conservative body has any confidence or can have any hope." Of the leader of the Young England party personally, Croker knew nothing but what he seems to have learned from a letter from Lockhart, and another from Sir James Graham, which make rather curious reading. "The puppets," Graham writes (August 22, 1843), "are moved by D'Israeli, who is the ablest man among them; I consider him unprincipled and disappointed; and in despair he has tried the effect of bullying. . . . He alone is mischievous; and with him I have no desire to keep terms. It would be better for the party if he were driven into the ranks of our open enemies."* In

Peel's letters to Croker, as Mr. Jennings mentions (vol. ii., p. 389), there is not a single allusion at any time to Mr. Disraeli, nor does Mr. Croker mention him until near the close of his own life.

Towards the end of 1842, Mr. Croker had begun to fear that it was time for him to leave the politics of this review in younger hands, and had intimated this intention to Mr. Murray. But the loss of so powerful an advocate at this period was obviously regarded by Peel and his friends as serious. When at Drayton Manor in the autumn of that year, Sir James Graham asked Croker to write an article against the Corn Law Association. "I told you," Croker says in a letter to Sir James Graham (vol. iii., p. 172), "that you had come just too late, for that I had only the day before resigned my *Quarterly* pen. You pressed upon me to undertake what you thought a public duty. Lockhart happened at the same time to write to request me to suspend, at least, my resignation. I consented to the double request, bargaining with Lockhart, as my price, that he was to admit my intended Corn Law article, the *Quarterly* not yet having taken any line on that subject." The article was written, Graham supplying Croker with many of the facts, and Peel having read the proofs and suggested an omission, which Croker adopted. Graham backed Peel's view as to the omission, adding, "The broth is so good, that all the cooks in London cannot now spoil it." Peel's own words, on returning the proofs, were, "I think this is excellent." In an article in the previous August on "The Policy of Ministers," Croker had been in like manner Peel's mouthpiece. On reading it, Graham wrote to him (September 1), "The case of the government cannot be placed on stronger or safer ground."

The announcement by Peel of the change in his opinions on protection, when he resumed office at the end of 1845, after Lord John Russell's failure to form a government, was a terrible shock to Mr. Croker. We have in these volumes the letters which passed between him and the Duke of Wellington at the time. The duke stood by the queen and Peel, and wrote to Croker, saying that he regarded himself as, a "retained servant of the sovereign," and protesting that he would be no party to placing the government "in the hands of the League and the Radicals." Croker took what proved to be the sounder view, that this was just what Peel's action would do. In his own jus-

* One of the ablest of the Young England party, the Hon. G. S. Smythe, in a letter intimating to Mr. Croker the death of Mr. Smythe's father (the sixth Lord Strangford), wrote: "Since the death of Mr. Canning you have ever been his intellectual chief; and from boyhood I remember that every solicism of my puerile English, or sciolism in more ambitious nonage, was met by the correction, 'What would Croker say?'"

tification (vol. iii., p. 55) he called the duke's attention to his article of August, 1842, as expressing the opinion which Peel had then given him. "My preceding articles," he adds, "on the Corn Laws and on the League were written under his eye. I wish your Grace to be aware that my opinions now are just what they always have been, and such as Peel himself and Graham inspired me with."

Mr. Croker's position was now a most painful one. Rightly or wrongly, he believed, with the most absolute sincerity of conviction, that the step which Peel had taken was disastrous to the country's best interests. He considered that for a temporary advantage great principles had been surrendered, and that if they were to be surrendered at all, Peel ought not to have been the instrument. He knew history and human nature far too well to believe in the doctrine which Peel had adopted from Cobden, that "in spite of the desire of governments and boards of trade to raise revenue by restrictive duties, reason and common sense will induce relaxation of high duties" by foreign governments. He foresaw all the dangers of our vast and rapidly growing population's becoming dependent on other nations for supplies of food, which in the chances of war might be cut off. He foresaw, too, that the keen competition of foreign states, if unchecked by protective duties, might so reduce or even annihilate wages, as to leave no fund in the hands of our operatives to buy bread or any other commodities, however cheap. But these were not the only dangers. As he wrote (April 24, 1846) to Sir Henry Hardinge:—

The fatal consequences are that Peel, by betraying the precise and specific principle upon which he was brought into office, has ruined the character of public men, and dissolved by dividing the great landed interest—the only solid foundation on which any Government can be formed in this country. I care comparatively little about his actual corn law experiment; it will fail; and England will right herself from this fraudulent humbug; but while that process is going on, we shall be running all the risks, if not suffering the actual infliction, of a revolution. On the principle on which we have truckled to the League, how are we to resist the attack on the Irish Church—the Irish Union—both much worse cases (in that view) than the Corn Laws? How to maintain primogeniture, the Bishops, the House of Lords, the Crown? Sir Robert Peel has put these into more peril than Cobbett or Cobden, or O'Connell, or they all together could have done, and his personal influence has carried away individuals; he has

broken up the old interests, divided the great families, and commenced just such a revolution as the Noailles and Montmorencies did in 1789. (Vol. iii., p. 67.)

Gladly would Mr. Croker have abstained from giving public expression to his opinions. But as he says in the letter to Sir J. Graham, from which we have already quoted, the proprietor and editor of this review summoned him, "as a man of honor, to maintain the principle to which he had, in December, 1842, pledged the review." His letters show what pain it cost him to take the part which he felt must cause a separation from the friend of a lifetime, the leader whom he had lost:—

I that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,

Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him my pattern to live and to die!

"I love him," he writes to Lord and Lady Ashburton (June 19, 1846)—"yes, *love* him, and would gladly have quitted literary, as I have done political politics, when I differed from him, but I could not; he had involved me, and I had involved others, in a line of politics which, though he may be able to escape from, *we* cannot, and I was summoned as a man of honor to support my friends in the struggle into which I had, by Peel's own instructions, led them."

It is impossible to read without a pang the last letters which passed between these close friends of seven-and-thirty years in January, 1847 (vol. iii., p. 94). "Mr. Croker's articles," says Mr. Jennings, "disputed Peel's right to betray his party—everybody has done that; but there is nothing in them which was aimed at the man as distinguished from the statesman," and the extracts which he quotes bear out the statement. They were not so regarded, however, by Peel. "Personal good-will," he wrote to Croker, "cannot co-exist with the spirit in which those articles are written, or with the feelings they must naturally have excited." Croker's letter to him is full of the manly pathos natural to the man who, by bitter experience, has learned that "To be wroth with those we love doth work like madness in the brain;" and he had subscribed himself, "Very sincerely and affectionately yours, *Up to the Altar*." Peel opens his reply with a cold "Sir," and ends, "I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant." They never met again.

All through this painful period, the friendship between Mr. Croker and the Duke of Wellington, however, "moulted no feather." We owe to it a series of most valuable and interesting letters, and reports of conversations, down to the duke's death. We give some of these conversations, though belonging to an earlier period, as illustrations of the many with which these volumes abound:—

I shall here set down what I remember of a visit to Sudbourne,* as nearly as I can in the Duke's own words, from the notes that I made every evening.

Buonaparte's mind was, in its details, low and ungentlemanlike. I suppose the narrowness of his early prospects and habits stuck to him; what *we* understand by *gentlemanlike* feelings he knew nothing at all about; I'll give you a curious instance.

I have a beautiful little watch made by Breguet, at Paris, with a map of Spain most admirably enamelled on the case. Sir Edward Paget bought it at Paris, and gave it to me. What do you think the history of this watch was—at least the history that Breguet told Paget, and Paget me? Buonaparte had ordered it as a present to his brother, the King of Spain, but when he heard of the battle of Vittoria—he was then at Dresden in the midst of all the preparations and negotiations of the armistice, and one would think sufficiently busy with other matters,—when he heard of the battle of Vittoria, I say, he remembered the watch he had ordered for one who he saw would never be King of Spain, and with whom he was angry for the loss of the battle, and he wrote from Dresden to countermand the watch, and if it should be ready, to forbid its being sent. The best apology one can make for this strange littleness is, that he was offended with Joseph; but even in that case, a *gentleman* would not have taken the moment when the poor devil had lost his *châteaux en Espagne*, to take away his watch also.

All those codicils to his will in which he bequeathed millions to the right and left, and amongst others left a legacy to the fellow who was accused of attempting to assassinate me, is another proof of littleness of mind; the property he really had he had already made his disposition of. For the payment of all those other high-sounding legacies, there was not the shadow of a fund. He might as well have drawn bills for ten millions on that pump at Aldgate. [We had on our way driven past it.] While he was writing all these magnificent donations, he knew that they were all in the air, all a falsehood. For my part, I can see no magnanimity in a lie; and I confess that I think one who could play such tricks but a shabby fellow.

I never was a believer in him, and I always

thought that in the long run we should overturn him. He never seemed himself at his ease, and even in the boldest things he did there was always a mixture of apprehension and meanness. I used to call him *Jonathan Wild the Great*, and at each new *coup* he made I used to cry out "Well done, Jonathan," to the great scandal of some of my hearers. But, the truth was, he had no more care about what was right or wrong, just or unjust, honourable or dishonourable, than *Jonathan*, though his great abilities, and the great stakes he played for, threw the knavery into the shade.

The Duke and the Horse Guards.—I can't say that I owe my successes to any favour or confidence from the Horse Guards; they never showed me any, from the first day I had a command to this hour. In the first place, they thought very little of any one who had served in India. An Indian victory was not only no ground of confidence, but it was actually a cause of suspicion. Then because I was in Parliament, and connected with people in office, I was a politician, and a politician never can be a soldier. Moreover they looked upon me with a kind of jealousy, because I was a lord's son, "a *sprig of nobility*," who came into the army more for ornament than use. [N.B. — He more than once in the course of conversation with me mentioned this reproach of his having been "a *sprig of nobility*." I have no doubt that the phrase had been applied to him at some early part of his career by some one.] They could not believe that I was a tolerable regimental officer. I have proof that they thought I could not be trusted alone with a division, and I suspect they have still their doubts whether I know anything about the command of an army.

The "Dry Nurses" of the Horse Guards.—When the Horse Guards are obliged to employ one of those fellows like me in whom they have no confidence, they give him what is called a *second in command*—one in whom they have confidence—a kind of *dry nurse*. When I went to Zealand they gave me General Stewart as second in command, that is, in reality intended for *first in command*, though I was the first in name. Well, during the embarkation, the voyage out, and the disembarkation, General Stewart did everything. I saw no kind of objection to anything he suggested, and all went *à merveille*. At last, however, we came up to the enemy. Stewart, as usual, was beginning his suggestions and arrangements, but I stopped him short with "Come, come, 'tis my turn now." I immediately made my own dispositions, assigned him the command of one of the wings, gave him his orders, attacked the enemy, and beat them. Stewart, like a man of sense, saw in a moment that I understood my business, and subsided with (as far as I saw) good-humour into his proper place. But this did not cure the Horse Guards; when I went to Portugal they gave me Sir Brent Spencer as *second in command*, but I came to an immediate explanation with

* The seat of the Marquis of Hertford, with whom the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel were on terms of quite as close an intimacy as Mr. Croker.

him; I told him I did not know what the words "*second in command*" meant, any more than third, fourth, or fifth in command; that I alone commanded the army, that the other general officers commanded their divisions; that if anything happened to me, the senior survivor would take the command; that in contemplation of such a possibility I would treat them, but him in particular, as next in succession, with the most entire confidence, and would leave none of my views or intentions unexplained; but that I would have no *second in command* in the sense of his having anything like a joint command or superintending control; and that, finally and above all, I would not only take but insist upon the whole and undivided responsibility of all that should happen while the army was under my command.

The Convention of Cintra.—After the Convention of Cintra, there was a pretty general desire in England that a general should be shot, after the manner of Byng, and as I was a politician, I was, of course, the person to be shot, which would have been rather hard, as I was the winner of the two battles which had raised the public hopes so high, and had nothing to do with the subsequent proceedings but as a subordinate negotiator under orders of my superior officers. Even the Government were inclined to give me up. When I came back, the old King was to have one of his weekly levées; I asked Lord Castlereagh to carry me "as I must present myself on my return from abroad" and happened to have no carriage in town. Castlereagh hemmed and hawed, and said that there was so much ill-humour in the public mind that it might produce inconvenience, and, in short, he advised me not to go to the levée. I said, "When I first mentioned it, I only thought it a matter of respect and duty to the King; I now look upon it as a matter of self-respect and duty to my own character, and I therefore insist on knowing whether this advice proceeds in any degree from His Majesty, and I wish you distinctly to understand that I will go to the levée to-morrow, or I never will go to a levée in my life." Castlereagh immediately withdrew all opposition. I went, and was exceedingly well received by His Majesty.

National Characteristics.—The national character of the three kingdoms was strongly marked in my army. I found the English regiments always in the best humor when we were well supplied with beef; the Irish when we were in the wine countries; and the Scotch when the dollars for pay came up. This looks like an epigram, but I assure you it was a fact, and quite perceptible; but we managed to reconcile all their tempers, and I will venture to say that in our later campaigns, and especially when we crossed the Pyrenees, there never was an army in the world in better spirits, better order, or better discipline. We had mended in discipline every campaign, until at last (smiling) I hope we were pretty near perfect.

The Ford at Assaye.—It was on this occasion that he gave me an instance of the importance of a very ordinary degree of thoughtful common sense. He described his very critical position on the march before the battle of Assaye, when his small force was threatened by an overwhelming deluge of native cavalry, and his only chance, not of victory only, but of safety, was his getting to the other bank of the river (Kistna), which was a few miles on his right. He had some of the best native guides that could be had, and he made every possible effort to ascertain whether the river was anywhere passable, and all his informants assured him that it was not. He himself could not see the river, and the enemy's cavalry was in such force that he could not send out to reconnoitre. At last, in extreme anxiety, he resolved to see the river himself, and accordingly, with his most intelligent guides, and an escort of, I think he said, all his cavalry, he pushed forward in sight of the river in the neighborhood of Assaye, which stood on the bank of another stream that ran nearly parallel to that which he wished to cross. When they came there, he again questioned his guides about a passage, which they still asserted not to exist; but he saw through his glass, for the enemy's cavalry were so strong that he could not venture to get closer, one village on the right, or near bank of the river, and another village exactly opposite on the other bank, and "I immediately said to myself that men could not have built two villages so close to one another on opposite sides of a stream without some habitual means of communication, either by boats or a ford—most probably by the latter. On that conjecture, or rather reasoning, in defiance of all my guides and informants, I took the desperate resolution, as it seemed, of marching for the river, and I was right. I found a passage, crossed my army over, had no more to fear from the enemy's cloud of cavalry; and my army, small as it was, was just enough to fill the space between the two streams, so that both my flanks were secure, and there I fought and won the battle of Assaye, the bloodiest, for the numbers, that I ever saw; and this was all from my having the common sense to guess that men did not build villages on opposite sides of a stream without some means of communication between them. If I had not taken that sudden resolution, we were, I assure you, in a most dangerous predicament."

Among Mr. Croker's correspondents, Lord George Bentinck appears for the first time in 1847, and between them a friendly intimacy was established, which led to the free interchange of their views, and throws further light upon Bentinck's energy and sagacity, during his short and brilliant attempt to rally the Conservative party. In a letter to Croker (March 2, 1848), he speaks of his friend and future biographer thus:—

You ask me of Disraeli's manner of speaking and effectiveness in debate? I will answer you by giving you my brother Henry's observations on the various speakers in the House. Henry is rather a cynical critic. He expressed himself greatly disappointed with Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell, and concluded by saying that Disraeli was the only man he had heard who at all came up to his ideas of an orator.

"His speeches this Session have been first-rate. His last speech, altogether burked in the *Times*, but pretty well given in the *Post*, [was] admirable. He cuts Cobden to ribbons; and Cobden writhes and quails under him just as Peel did in 1846. And mark my words, spite of Lord Stanley, Major Beresford, and Mr. Phillips and the *Herald*, it will end before two Sessions are out in Disraeli being the chosen leader of the party; but I think it will not be under Lord Stanley's banner, whether he turns his coat on the Jew Bill or not." (Vol. iii., p. 165.)

This letter was written nearly four years after the publication of "Coningsby," and it is by no means likely, had Croker believed that the Rigby of that novel was drawn after himself, that he would have introduced Mr. Disraeli's name to Lord George Bentinck. For ourselves, highly as we think of that book in many respects, we cannot acquit Mr. Disraeli of transgressing the legitimate license of the novelist in assigning to his Rigby some of the personal and literary peculiarities which he must have been sure would lead people to think that he had Mr. Croker in his eye. If he did so with a deliberate intention to produce this result, no words of condemnation for his conduct could be too severe. The relations, for example, between Mr. Croker and the Marquis of Hertford were well known, and common readers, who saw the marquis in the Lord Monmouth of the novel, were pretty sure to say that Mr. Croker must be the Rigby. Happily the correspondence preserved in these volumes between Mr. Croker and Lord Hertford places their relations to each other in the clearest light. In these letters no trace will be found of the Rigby of the novel. Their correspondence is that of two very able and accomplished men, upon such topics as might be assumed to engage the attention of a man of the high political connections and great practical sagacity of Croker. Lord Hertford found in him, not only a lively correspondent, but an invaluable guide in the management of his property. Croker discharged for him the duties which about the same time were performed by Mr. James Loch, M.P., for the Sutherland and

Bridgewater estates, and which are now performed for other great estates by men of high family and position. For these services he refused to be paid, and so well understood was his position that, when Lord Hertford died, Peel, who as well as the Duke of Wellington had been among his intimate friends, writes to Croker (March 3, 1842), "My chief interest in respect to Lord Hertford's will, was the hope that out of his enormous wealth he would mark his sense of your unvarying and real friendship for him." Lord Hertford always said that he would leave Croker 80,000*l.* The sum he actually received was 23,000*l.*, an informality in a codicil having deprived him of a much larger sum.

But while all the world of *gobemouches* were identifying Mr. Croker with Rigby, he himself, it now appears, had never had the curiosity even to look into "Coningsby." He had only met Mr. Disraeli three times — at his father's house, at dinner at Lord Lyndhurst's, and in the street with Lord G. Bentinck. According to his own story, as told in a letter (Dec. 29, 1853) to Mr. C. Phillips, author of "Recollections of Curran," it was only after he had published his review of Mr. Disraeli's Budget Speech of 1852, that his attention was called to the book by hearing that this review was regarded as retaliation for what Mr. Disraeli had said of him in his "Vivian Grey" and "Coningsby." "Now the fact is, I never read either," he adds, and he goes on to state that he never read one of Theodore Hook's novels, "though some of them were written in this house, and the characters sketched from the society he met here." It was the same with Bulwer, Dickens, James, and Ainsworth.

I may say the exact same of "Coningsby:" I had never seen it nor heard of it in connection with myself till after the publication of the Budget review; and I most sincerely affirm that I had not the slightest personal pique, or any motive to have any, towards Mr. Disraeli.

On the contrary, there were one or two circumstances, of which Mr. Murray was the channel, which led me to suppose that Mr. Disraeli looked towards me with a friendly and approving eye. If, therefore, I have given Mr. Disraeli tit for tat it has been quite unintentionally, and only by chance medley. Whether I may have unconsciously offended Mr. Disraeli's *amour propre* in any way — that is, whether he may have heard something that may have created such an impression on his mind — I cannot say; but it is not likely, for we have no points of contact, nor, as far as I remember, a common acquaintance, but Murray, Lord Lyndhurst, and Lord George

Bentinck. None of them were likely to have received, and still less so to have repeated, anything disagreeable; and yet, on the other hand, it is hard to suppose that Mr. Disraeli should, without some such motive, have done so unusual a thing as to make me the subject of a satirical novel. In short, I cannot account for, nor in fact do I care enough about it to endeavor to account for, Mr. Disraeli's attacks upon me; all I care about is, that my political views as to him should be rightly understood as altogether uninfluenced by any personal pique or morbid spirit of retaliation. (Vol. iii., p. 304.)

What the explanation is of Mr. Disraeli's animosity to Croker has yet to be made known. Did he suspect him of having at some time done him a bad turn with Peel? That would explain much.

Mr. Croker shared his friend Wellington's contemptuous indifference to libels and libellers*—and by the very nature of the case it was impossible for him to take public notice of any of the characters in "Coningsby." But he would have been more than human if, when the two first volumes of Macaulay's "History" appeared, he had refrained from showing that the man who had assailed him for "gross and scandalous inaccuracy" in the most insulting terms was not himself free from reproach, and this, too, in more serious matters than a few slips of no moment in more than twenty-eight hundred notes. He was, however, careful not to follow his old adversary's example of bad temper and violent language. In the article on Macaulay's book in this review for March, 1849, he gave to the work full credit for its brilliant and fascinating qualities of a vigorous and imaginative style, while he pointed out, upon incontrovertible evidence, its grave faults of inaccurate or overcharged statement. In perfect sincerity, he concluded a long critical examination with the opinion, in which he was not singular then, and which the calmer judgment of a later time has practically confirmed, that, however charming as an historical romance, Macaulay's work "will never be quoted as an authority on any question or point of the history of England." This, we see, was

* The duke writes to Croker (July 2, 1838): "I have been abused, vilified, slandered, since I was a boy; and I don't believe that there is a living creature who thinks the worse of me for all the horrible crimes of which I have been accused, and which to this moment remain unanswered. I would much prefer to get rid of the rheumatism in my shoulders and neck than I would of all the libels of all the Jacobins, Republicans, Bonapartists, Radicals, Reformers, and Whigs, in all Her Majesty's dominions, including her ancient kingdom of France, and her colonies in N. America."

Mr. Lockhart's opinion; it was that of the Bishop of Exeter. They might be thought to be swayed by political bias, but Sir James Stephen is liable to no such suspicion, and he, after undertaking to review the book for the *Edinburgh Review*, abandoned his intention, "because it was, in truth, not what it professed to be—a history, but an historical novel" (vol. iii., p. 194).

Meantime Mr. Croker went on enjoying the friendship and confidence of many of the best and ablest men of the time, helping those who needed help, using the lights of his long experience in dealing with public questions, and toiling at his literary studies,—among others in the preparation of that edition of Pope, his labors on which Mr. Elwin and Mr. Courthope have since continued,—with an energy and perseverance, which neither age, nor the suffering of serious illness could abate. In 1854 the infirmities of age, and a feeling that "he was out of date, at least, out of season," made him withdraw from his hitherto active connection with this review. His outlook on the future of England was then of the gloomiest kind, and he concludes his letter of resignation to Mr. Murray thus: "The last words the Duke of Wellington said to me in parting at Dover, just before his death (which we then thought less distant than mine), were, that it was a consolation to think that the course of nature would spare us the experience of the terrible events which the course of politics was evidently preparing for this country" (vol. iii., p. 312).

Some of the anticipations on which this gloomy view of England's future were based have already come true. We have yet to see whether others, that were for a time scoffed at as absurd, were not as truly prophetic.

In spite of the sufferings [says Mr. Jennings] which he was called upon to undergo in these later years, Mr. Croker's spirit never flagged. He kept to his work, and although death was constantly within sight, he did not fear it, or allow it in any way to interfere with a performance of the daily duties which he prescribed for himself. To give up work, and to acknowledge in one's own heart that all is over, and that nothing more can be done on this side the grave, is a miserable way to precipitate the end. Mr. Croker was prepared for the end, but he was disposed to wait patiently for it, and meanwhile to do what was to be done with all zeal and earnestness. His literary work never failed to be a source of solace, and his interest in public affairs never abated. He did not write so much as of old,

but few questions of importance passed by him unnoticed. (Vol. iii., p. 345.)

His malady was disease of the heart. The first serious symptoms appeared in 1850, and he then learned from his physician how serious they were. Still he continued to work, although liable to constant fainting-fits, sometimes as many as twelve or fourteen in a day. Agonizing neuralgic pains aggravated his sufferings. But, according to Lady Barrow, "neither of these most trying complaints drew from him one murmuring word." Death, he was well aware, might ensue at any moment; his pulse was seldom above thirty, and often fell to twenty-three; but he was accustomed to say, "I have no fear of death. It is but like going out of one room into another." He was permitted to pursue literary labors for a longer term than he had thought would be vouchsafed to him. Again to quote Mr. Jennings:—

After a time, indeed, he became in some measure accustomed to the mysterious visitations which so suddenly transported him to the border-land "between two worlds." His general health was good; his intellectual faculties were as acute as ever; "but," says Miss Boislesve [his amanuensis, who was with him to his death], "at any moment, without any warning whatever, he felt faint, and sometimes completely lost consciousness for a few seconds, sometimes merely felt the passing feeling; but even when he lost consciousness, he woke up perfectly well aware that he had fainted, but able to go on with what he was dictating as if nothing had happened. He could even finish the sentence he had begun, not having lost the thread of his ideas in the least degree. All this time his patience never failed. His love for his family and friends was something wonderful. He was always thinking of what could please and amuse the young people [the children of Lady Barrow], entering into all the pleasures he had planned for them with as much zest as any." In like manner, Lady Barrow speaks of his "wonderful patience, and his gratitude for any little attention to his comfort."

Thus, till the last day of his life, the 10th of August, 1857, he kept up his correspondence, working all that day at his "Notes on Pope," and perfectly happy among his books and papers. That evening, as he was being put to bed by his servant, he exclaimed "Oh Wade!" and sank back dead, passing away "in the manner which he had always desired—surrounded by those whom he loved the best, and yet spared the pain of protracted parting and farewells. A little while before, some one had remarked in his presence that 'death was an awful thing.' 'I

do not feel it so,' he said; 'the same hand which took care of me when I came into this world will take care of me when I go out of it.' In this hope he died as he had lived."

There are innumerable things in these most attractive volumes to which, had space permitted, it would have been a pleasure to call attention. But the book will soon be in every hand, and its varied contents will make it welcome to the most varied tastes. Our chief care has been to show the man, not as his enemies—and he had many—have described him, but as he appears from his own actions, and his own letters, and, what is no mean test of character, from the letters addressed to him by others. Whatever his defects of manner or of temper may have been—and who is free from such defects?—he was a man of strict honor, of high principle, of upright life, of great courage, of untiring industry, devoted with singleness of heart to the interests of his country, a loyal friend, and in his domestic relations without a stain. Those who knew him best, as Mr. Jennings has said, "never wavered in their attachment to him. No doubt, he was not the same to all men. To strangers, or towards persons whom he disliked, his manner was often overbearing and harsh." He was, especially in his latter days, impatient of contradiction, and somewhat given to self-assertion, as a sensitive and ailing man will be if he has been accustomed to authority, as Mr. Croker had been for a length of years, and has seen so much of distinguished men, and of the springs that move great events, as he had seen. But he was by temperament, as well as by the influence of his Christian faith, kind and generous. "Every one," says Mr. Jennings, "who had more than a superficial acquaintance with him, was well aware that he had done a thousand kindly acts, some of them to persons who little deserved them at his hands, and that, as was said of Dr. Johnson, there was nothing of the bear about him but the skin."

We must not conclude without saying a few words upon the way in which Mr. Jennings has executed his difficult task. Our readers will see from the preceding pages how much has depended on the sound judgment, nice tact and taste, mingled with the first requisite of fidelity, in such a work as that we have reviewed; and if Mr. Croker is fortunate in having left ample materials, in his own papers and the remembrance of his friends, to

illustrate a character which malice had overclouded, he has been no less happy in having Mr. Jennings for his biographical editor. It is no small thing to recognize the hand of a skilful man of letters in work at which such hands have so often conspicuously failed; and that frequently from the great cause which tests practical ability, knowledge or ignorance of what to let alone, as well as what to do. Mr. Jennings carries us from the beginning to the end without weariness or dissatisfaction, and—what will only seem small praise to those who know little of biography—without disgust. In his reproduction of Mr. Croker's self-portraiture, with the touches he has added, the lines of the picture are firmly and truly drawn; and the lights and shades of varied interest have full play, without the fictitious coloring of petty gossip or scandalous defamations.

From Good Words.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE BEAST RISES UP A PRINCE.

IRIS slept late after a troubled night, and when she awoke and looked at her watch she could take nothing into account save that she had been shockingly lazy; though the sun was shining brightly enough, after the rain, to tempt all exemplary travellers to be up and abroad on unfamiliar ground. Iris grudged losing the bright morning, and she grudged still more keeping Marianne Dugdale, Sir William Thwaite, and Soames hanging about till she should choose to appear for breakfast. She had no time to spare for more than the general confusion with which the incidents of the past day—especially if they have been of an unusual character and crowded together—are apt to present themselves to people on their first awakening from a few hours' welcome oblivion.

Iris for once took refuge in self-evasion, for she had a half-formed notion, after her dim, partly remembered dreams, that she too had acted rashly and foolishly in what had passed, though it was no more than in being guilty of an appearance of evil in yielding to figure in an indiscreet, not too delicate parody of a solemn service. She

might well feel provoked and mortified by discovering that she had put herself—unless her companions were considerate and forbearing—and when had Lady Fermor been either the one or the other?—in an awkward, embarrassing position. It was not to be thought that nobody would ever allude to the rainy day at the inn on the Borders, and the amusement to which the party had resorted in order to spur on the lagging hours. If such allusions were made, what was she—or when it came to that what was Sir William—to think?

When Iris ran down-stairs, half unwilling to face her companions, and yet eager to have the meeting over, she believed she was later than she had suspected. The maid Jeannie, standing at one of the doors on the landing, withdrew into the room, as if ashamed for Iris's credit to encounter her at such an hour, and unwilling to detain her, while another servant, Iris fancied, looked at her with tittering significance.

But what was Iris's surprise when she entered the inn parlor and found it empty, with breakfast only laid for one! She rang the bell in a little trepidation, for she was conscious that Marianne was capable of playing her a trick, though Iris considered it would be especially unkind and undeserved this morning.

As another instance of the unexpected happening, the landlord chose to wait in person, bringing in the dish of trout as his excuse for his presence. "Where are the others?" Iris inquired, without waiting for the departure of the single rustic young waiter, who was also favoring her with his attentions, and showing no hurry in depositing and arranging the tea and coffee service so as to satisfy a scrupulous taste. "Have they all breakfasted and gone out? I am afraid I am very late," and Iris tried to smile instead of feeling absurdly disconcerted.

The landlord did not hasten to answer her with civil fluency. He began staring at her in silence. "Do you not know, miss, they are gone?" he said at last cautiously.

"Gone!" exclaimed Iris, not able to believe her ears. "Ah! for a morning's excursion, I suppose," she took heart to exclaim. "But Lady Fermor never drives out before luncheon, and Mrs. Soames cannot have left her."

"The ledly and her maid and the other young ledly went first," said the landlord with precision. "The gentleman only left about an hour syne."

"An hour ago? Where have they gone?"

When are they coming back?" cried Iris in unrestrained bewilderment.

"That I cannot take it upon me to say, miss — you should know better than me. But I apprehend you're in error on one point. You seem to think all your party went the same gate, nigh hand together?"

Iris nodded, her tongue refused its office. The man looked a respectable man, and was respectful enough in his manner, but the wariness with which he conducted the conversation was remarkable, and there was in his tone the slightest shade of irony not unmixed with dry humor — if she could have recognized it — and a degree of perplexity. It was as if he suspected her of still playing a part, and had no objection to let her see he suspected her.

"Now, you're wrang there, begging your pardon. First there was the young gentleman who took the trap to catch the last train over night, but I think you were with the four when he set out. Syne, not long past the sma' hours, between four and five o'clock, when the rain was still spittin', afore the inn was richt astir, the auld ledly sent for me and but to be aff to meet the first train, though it was a fell-like fatigue for a woman at her time of life. Her body-woman was dressed and ready like her mistress, but the young ledly seemed laither to quit her pilly. She did not come down till the chaise was at the door, and then she made such a colly-shangie calling out for somebody after she was in the carriage, and wanting to stop and go back, that she was like to wauken the whole house. But the auld ledly maistêred the lassie — that I should speak so unmannerly — and drove off in spite of, her. Lastly," and mine host looked still more curiously at Iris from under his eyebrows, "there was the titled gentleman, who did not appear to have been disturbed any more than yourself, miss, for he just came quietly down at his usual hour. It was only after he found that so many of the party were gone that he wrote a letter or two in haste — sending off one by a messenger, asked for a time-table, and left to meet the midday train. He did not speak to me of coming back when he paid his share of the bill — what was left after the auld ledly cleared the score — though he may have mentioned it otherwise, as it is what one would expect," the speaker observed meditatively. "However, he left a bit parcel for you in my hands," the innkeeper went on briskly, as if the truth might lie in this nutshell, extracting a small packet from

his waistcoat pocket and placing it ostentatiously before Iris; "and it need be no secret that it was he wrat one of the letters which were left for you that I jalouse you have not seen." He bustled to bring two letters from where they were stuck conspicuously in a card-rack on the chimneypiece, and, laying them on her plate, left her at last with evident reluctance and disappointment at her reticence. In any other circumstances Iris would have been amused by the worthy man's inquisitiveness, and by the mingled shrewdness and simplicity with which he betrayed that he had been speculating on her affairs, and putting two and two together in order to bring out the sum of them to his satisfaction. But she was far past such amusement. She sat for a moment, before opening the letters, staring at them mechanically with a stunned sensation. The one was in her grandmother's big, blurred, shaken handwriting, the other displayed the square, upright characters which Sir William Thwaite's pen was wont to produce.

Iris tore open her grandmother's letter first. It contained only a few lines: —

"DEAR IRIS, — I am glad you have come to your senses at last, though I must own you took me — and I presume more than me — by surprise. However, when that person was perfectly agreeable, there is no more to be said. All's well that ends well. As I think you and Sir William had better be left to yourselves like other young fools, for your honeymoon, I have taken myself and Marianne Dugdale off with the greatest expedition. You ought to give me credit for my youthful activity. I trust to see you when you go to Whitehills, and I have returned to Lambford.

"I remain your affectionate grandmother,

"MARIANNE FERMOR.

"P. S. — As Scotch marriages properly attested, which yours can easily be, are quite legal, if I were you and Thwaite I should not put myself to the trouble and expense of a re-marriage with the benefit of clergy, favors, and cake, and a crowd of idle onlookers. In fact, these re-marriages are often great mistakes, mere sources of confusion and misconception, so the less you have to do with them, in my opinion, the better; but please yourselves. — M.F."

Here at least were basest betrayal and desertion; whether premeditated, or the instant relentless improvement of an un-

fortunate opportunity for gaining an end and paying back the opposition to an imperious will, Iris could not tell, then or ever. She thrust back the paper with trembling fingers into the envelope. As she turned it over she looked beyond the handwriting and read the address, it was
"O—

Lady Thwaite,
of Whitehills.

She flung down the letter as if it stung her. While she did so a vision of Honor who had last borne the title rose before her. Poor Honor, who had so scandalized the public, had she ever acted more imprudently, or felt so degraded and disgraced as Iris did upon this miserable morning?

Iris read the address of the other letter before she opened it, and it gave her a grain of comfort, for it bore the familiar direction to Miss Compton.

"Madam," Sir William must have written first in his massive letters, then he had squeezed in "Dear" at the edge, as if conscious, on reading over the note, that he was warranted, nay bound, in exchange of confidence, to use the friendly prefix in cold blood. "I am confounded by Lady Fermor's unexpected departure. I feel that she has taken a gross advantage of you by representing in another light what I can never presume to regard as anything more than your having been induced to lend your countenance to a frolic of Miss Dugdale's. Perhaps Lady Fermor means this last act as something of the same kind; but a frolic which I am sorely afraid must inconvenience and distress you, for the time, is too much of a good thing. I have come to the conclusion that the best I can do for your relief is not to stay here a moment longer. I will go away instantly and await your pleasure elsewhere. Perhaps I had better stop at Dumfries in place of following Lady Fermor to Moffat. It sounds too much that you should wish to write to me, but if it is necessary, I shall get the letter at the post-office there. You have done so much for me and mine in the past, that I think you will do me the justice of believing that I would die rather than vex you—far less intrude upon and insult you. "Your obedient servant,

"WILLIAM THWAITE."

Here was no treachery, and if she were forsaken the deed was done out of manly, grateful, jealous care for her best interests—as a faithful brother would shield

his sister. It was clear that the letter had been written in agitation and with anxious pains, no less than with earnestness of purpose. The strong characters had not faltered, but there were erasures, as if he had found difficulty in expressing himself. Iris was both comforted and troubled by the letter—comforted that her old friend, as she had come to consider him, was not destined to fall lamentably in her estimation by becoming her deadliest foe. On the contrary, he was as innocent as herself, and he was judging wisely and acting truly in the painful dilemma into which they were both brought by Lady Fermor's wicked will and their own weakness. Still, however inconsistent, she could not help wasting a regret on the utter extinction of his early feelings for her. His love had not appeared wise or suitable, or even seemly to her—nobody had felt that more strongly than she herself had felt it in those days. Still the knowledge of the destruction, root and branch, of the old desperate regard cost her a pang.

But there was another communication from Sir William besides the letter, which he had possibly intended to be all, till something had occurred to him at the last moment that had caused him to turn, make up the packet, and intrust it to the landlord. When Iris unfastened the paper she stared at the contents stupidly for a moment, while her color went and came in mute amazed protest. He had enclosed two ten-pound notes—probably the greater part of the money he had about him—in a cover, on which he had written in pencil, "Will you do me the honor to accept this loan in case you should want it?"

"In case she should want it"—as she read the sentence, she realized the truth fully for the first time. She had been left behind, abandoned in what the people of the house might well view as compromising circumstances, a young woman alone in a strange inn, on the borders of a strange country. And whether she should determine to follow her grandmother, upbraid her with her barbarity and insist on her undoing her part of the play; or attempt the return journey by herself over more than half the length of England to seek the protection of Mrs. Haigh; or throw herself on the old friendship of the Actons at the rectory—her slender purse would have been unequal to the demands either of the shorter or the longer expedition, since Marianne Dugdale, having spent her own quarter's salary, had freely

borrowed from Iris. She would have been without the means of paying her expenses in any direction had it not been for the humanity of Sir William Thwaite.

Iris felt humbled and distracted, unable to fix what she should do, yet aware that she must do something without loss of time. She tried to swallow her breakfast as the first necessary task to be performed. Then she, too, studied the time-bill, but shrank unconquerably from the possibility of encountering Sir William at the little wayside station. The landlord had spoken of the midday train, apparently not many trains stopped at this out-of-the-way junction, and he might not be gone by the time she reached the place.

As she began to recover from the blow and her natural presence of mind and power of resource returned to her, it struck her that the obviously sensible course for her to pursue was to stay where she was, till she had contradicted to the people of the house the false impression they had received. Some of them, from whatever cause, had been witnesses to the carrying out of the ill-timed jest—in keeping with the old reputation of the house. The misconception of the inhabitants was deepened by their knowledge that irregular, but at the same time lawful, marriages could still be performed within their precincts, as for that matter within the entire bounds of Scotland. Above all their credulity was imposed upon by the coarsely cruel conduct of Lady Fermor.

As Iris reflected, her courage and even her spirits, though they had been greatly tried, revived a little. In spite of the outrageous interpretation which Lady Fermor had chosen to put upon the story, it was simply preposterous. Nobody could treat it seriously for a moment. Neither the pretended bride nor bridegroom was in earnest, and as little was King Lud who spoke the words, or Marianne Dugdale who prompted them. She was at the bottom of the practical joke, and yet she had strangely, though not without protest, according to the innkeeper, gone over to the enemy. Of course no reasonable person could attach the slightest importance to the scandal.

Iris did not suffer her heart to fall before the disheartening recollection of the limited number of reasonable persons in the world, and the sorrowful comprehension that the bare breath of the most incredible scandal is baleful, even where the sins of the fathers are not visited on the children.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE LAW OF THE LAND.

THE landlord had appeared to lay himself out for Iris's confidence, but he had not uttered his suspicions in so many words. Iris had not inherited her grandmother's propensity of invariably choosing men for her advisers. It would be doubly disagreeable for Iris to try to make a man measure the extent of the late piece of folly—as mere folly. Yet she wanted a mouthpiece to tell it to all who would listen. Her security lay in the immediate publication of the truth, and her inclination pointed to the bright yet douce girl Jeannie, who had spoken only too graphically and amusingly of the Border marriages to the English young ladies.

Iris walking restlessly about the room saw from the end window Jeannie, in her morning calicot wrapper, linen apron and bare arms, carrying a great basket full of wrung-out clothes to spread over a washing-green. Iris took a swift resolve to go out and talk to the girl and tell her the truth, which she would surely convey to her master and mistress.

Iris found Jeannie busily employed on a haugh or strip of meadow by the side of one of those rapid, white and brown, brawling streamlets, "the bonnie burnies," with their endless songs, which are among the chief delights of the north country. Though the brook was swollen by the rains of yesterday, so that every slippery stepping-stone was covered, and its clear water rendered turbid, yet it did its best to flash in the sunshine and "jouk" round each corner.

Jeannie glanced up from her occupation and made one of the "curtsheys," which, unless in remote country places, and among very primitive people, form now the depth of respectful greeting reserved solely for royalty.

Iris had grown nervous, or else Jeannie was really shyer than she had been before, and the single look which she gave was not directed so much to the visitor's face as to her uncovered left hand. Was Jeannie looking in vain for that "bit giftie" of a wedding-ring, which though it does not always play a part in the Scotch marriage ceremony, is always bestowed as the first token from the husband to the wife, and in this light is regarded as a proof of marriage and universally worn till death in Scotland as well as in England. "Oh! what a miserable day it

was yesterday, Jeannie," began Iris, referring to the weather.

"Did you think sae, my leddy?" inquired Jeannie, as if there could be two opinions on the subject, while she completed laying out a row of towels on the grass.

"Did you not think so? Have you so much worse weather?" Then Iris added hastily, with regard to the changed form of address which Jeannie had used, that had struck the listener's roused ear, "But I'm not 'my lady,' only my grandmother, the old lady who left early this morning, is entitled to be spoken to in that way."

"As you like, mem," said Jeannie slowly and doubtfully. "You should ken best; it is for you to tak' your choice how you're to be ca'd. For the weather, weel, whiles we've deep snaw in the winter, and sleet as late as April, and rain — no' drizzlin' but poorin' in buckets fu', with spates in the burn till it rins ower a' the haugh, and the beasts are flooded in the byre and the stable, and we've keepit in the hoose for two or three days at a time. But I was meaning that it is often the mind that makes the weather to folk; the sun will be shinin' for some when there's nocht but cluds for others — div you no think sae, mem? In that case yesterday michtna hae been sae dowie a day to you."

Jeannie, in spite of her momentary bashfulness, was not unwilling to approach the subject Iris wished to discuss. In fact, the girl was dying to pick up some crumbs of information if the young lady would drop them. The whole house was on the alert in reference to the supposed marriage which had taken place, and in addition to Jeannie's craving for a share in an exceptional and half-forbidden experience, the friendly heart pitied "the bonnie young leddy, left her lee lane the day after her marriage, by her very man." This was the great and not to be admired eccentricity in the proceedings which had puzzled and exercised the minds of the inn household, and of such boarders and customers as were privileged to be privately informed of the occurrence. It was not unusual for the bride or the bridegroom expectant to make their entrances on the scene separately, as Jeannie had told Iris and Marianne, but it had been the good old custom that they should make their exit in company.

"Yesterday was dowie, if that means unhappy, to me, Jeannie," admitted Iris with tears in her eyes, "and I am bemoaning it at the present moment, though I trust it will not be for long."

"Gude forfend, mem," Jeannie said so solemnly that Iris felt she must beat about the bush no longer.

"What do you think we were so tired of ourselves and of everything else, and so silly as to do, yesterday, in the gloaming?"

"I think I ken, mem," said Jeannie with a slightly reproachful accent. It appeared to her that Iris was not approaching the subject in a proper spirit. It seemed as if the young lady was trying, from what motive it would be hard to say, to throw dust in Jeannie's wide-awake eyes, and pass off an incredible version of the story on a lass who had heard all about the grand old runaway marriages from her grandmother and her father and mother, who had herself seen humble, discreditable editions of the originals. More than that, Jeannie had been told something of what was going to take place by the other franker young lady. Then the servant-girl had rushed off and informed her master and mistress, as in duty bound. Afterwards she had gone back with them and others and stood at the door of the room, and had heard and seen the couple take each other for man and wife, and join hands before witnesses in due form, till the old lady, who did not look offended either, put an end to the spectacle.

Jeannie was "ill-pleased" by what struck her as levity on the part of Iris, by her trifling with the truth, to which she, Jeannie, could swear, if need were. She commenced re-wringing the drops of water from the next towel with all the strength she possessed. As she did so she said something plainly, to show she would not be taken in; for why need the bride come to Jeannie and pretend to confide in her, if the young lady was to begin by speaking deceitfully?

"The ither miss telled me as she passed me on the stair that there was going to be a marriage — I thoct she said she was going to be married hersel', but I maun hae taen her up wrang. An' I telled the maister, as I behoved to do, and him and me and ither in the house stood at the door and saw the waddin'. I may hae ta'en a liberty, mem, but I did ye nae wrang, for there was naeboddy pursuing to track you, and the mair witnesses the better for you and yours. It is only when the couple is like to be caught in the act, or when there's mischief in the wind, that sic a business is done hidlins."

"But, Jeannie, there was no marriage," insisted Iris. "We were all in jest; we were only making a little play out of your marriages."

"Dinna tell me that grown-up men and women, educate leddies and gentlemen, would play sic a fule trick here," cried Jeannie incredulously, and well-nigh disdainfully.

She took up a pillow-case, and holding it up high, shook it as if in protestation, till she brought down a shower of glistening drops upon her brown hair and ruddy face. Then she dropped her bare, brown arms by her side and said severely, —

"It's nae matter o' mine if ony titled leddy likes to lee — I beg your pardon, mem, I micht hae fund a safer word, but I'm no used to cringing ony mair than to dooble tongues. My folk's a' honest and steady, though they're only puir working men and women, no sae muckle as a run-awa' marriage after a feein' market amang the whole lot o' us, as the minister kens. I put it to you, mem — my leddy, I should say," Jeannie corrected herself with malicious punctiliousness, "though it may not be your will to tak' your title for a time, how can I or onybody in his or her senses credit that you were a' daffin' wi' ane anither at a wild game? It was hardly fit for bairns, though it could be said for them, for ae thing, they wouldna ken its danger. But if you were just wilin' awa' the close o' a rainy day, what for did the lave o' the players melt awa' at aince like a snaw ba' and gang their wa's here and there, and leave you and anither to bear the wyte? Weel-a-wat it would hae been but richt and kind if he had bidden still to bear his new-made wife company; however, there's an odds in the manners o' gentle and simple, and he may hae gone on a richt gude errand, and be back again like a shot," continued Jeannie, recovering her good-humor as she built up her edifice to her satisfaction.

"You are wrong, Jeannie, altogether wrong," was all Iris could say.

"Maybe sae," answered Jeannie cautiously, not liking contradiction, but certainly doubtful where this ill fitting, loose stone could come into the building. "There was them that telled me when he came down in the mornin' and fund the feck of his friends gane, and saw the letter for you — the ane wi' the proper address — he grew as red as fire, and there was a glint in his een like a man who has gotten his heart's desire — be it a croon, or a lass, or a lad bairn. Neist he grew as white as death, and there were draps o' swate on his brow, as he gripped the table after the fashion o' a man who is riven in twa in his contention wi' his deadliest enemy. Syne he strachtened hissel' and gae a

sech, and said he was ganging immediately. He wrate a letter or twa, and sent off a messenger express wi' ane and laid the ither down, and cried for the time-table, paid the lawin' and walked out without looking ower his shoulter for his breakfast. But when he was as far as the yett what did he do afore he gaed?" asked Jeannie, resuming her tone of superior knowledge and settled conviction.

"He cam' back and pat up siller — you'll no hinder the maister frae kennin' what he was taking care o' — and left it, like a canny young gudeman, for the use o' his young gudewife, though he did not ca' her sae, in case he should be detained longer than they foresaw, till he cam' back to fetch her. What mak' you o' that, mem? Is that part o' a fule play? My leddy, it is neither fair nor wise to seek to darken the truth, the deil — that I should name him — only kens wherefore, even to a stranger lass, your inferior in worldly station, who yet would never harm you, but would stand up for you if she got the chance, and you needed her countenance."

"Woman!" said Iris in the vehemence of her remonstrance and the extremity of the moment, "I would not depart from the truth to save my life, any more than you would, and if you are a happy girl in being able to boast of the virtue of your kindred, it should not make you hard to others less fortunate. If you, a girl like myself, will not believe me, where can I hope to find trust?"

Overcome by the successive shocks of the morning Iris could only restrain by a great effort the sob that rose to her throat and the tears to her eyes.

Jeannie's sharp eyes took in the signs, and the really kind heart of the girl, under her sturdy independence and shrewd observation, was touched.

"Na, dinna greet, my leddy, or mem, as you please, I'll believe onything reasonable you like to tell me, and gif there has been ony fause or base trick played upon you, I'll do my best to see you richted, though I'm but a servant lass, and sae will the maister and the mistress, which is mair to the purpose. I'm free to own they weren averse to me speerin' the ins and outs o' the story, if you gied me the chance. But if a living soul is to do you ony gude, mem, you maun speak oot, and keep naething back that has to do wi' the case."

Iris could recognize the common sense of the recommendation, and in the circumstances she felt she had better meet Jeannie's advances. After all, however

much Iris's shrinking delicacy and the prejudices of her education recoiled from bestowing the confidence, there might well be worse confidants and counsellors than peasant-bred Jeannie, with her perfect candor, honest maidenliness, warm heart, and ready wit.

"It was as I said, Jeannie. Miss Dugdale, my cousin, proposed to act one of your runaway marriages, and went to dress as a runaway bride. But I did not like the play, and I liked it least of all for her, because she and one of the gentlemen — the taller and fairer of the two — are sweethearts, though she had never let him know that she cared for him; indeed, she had been teasing and vexing him all the morning."

Jeannie was intensely interested and appreciative. "Biting and scarting are Scotch folks woin'," she said. "The young ledly maun hae a drap o' gude Scotch blude in her veins. There's mony a Maggie has 'cuist her head and looked fu' skeich' to begin wi'. But you mauna stand and wear yoursel' oot, when you may hae enouch afore you." And Jeannie nimbly emptied out her basket, turned it over, and made Iris sit down upon it. It did not signify that Jeannie was in danger of losing the best of the morning for bleaching and "withering" her "claes." Such a cause — the last grand marriage that was ever likely to be enacted in the inn, about which there might be trouble in time to come — even the mistress must allow, justified the wasted sunshine.

"It was not the man she liked in that way she had arranged should be the mock bridegroom." Iris struggled gallantly to tell the story.

"Na, I could guess that," commented Jeannie from her own experience and maidenly instinct.

"Mr. Acton — her real lover, I mean — was much hurt, and as he had to go off last night to see his family and join his ship — he is a sailor — there would have been no time for a reconciliation, and I fancied the thoughtless offence might have parted the two forever."

"For certain," chimed in Jeannie decisively. "If the chield had any spunk. Eh! but she maun hae been a wilfu' heedless lassie."

"I said I would be the bride instead of Miss Dugdale."

"It was very gude o' you, mem, very gude, but unco fulehardy," declared Jeannie with her characteristic plain speaking. "Them that devised the mischief ocht to hae run the risk and borne the brunt."

"We had not the slightest idea, and I cannot see it yet, that there was the least danger, or that there could be a mistake when none of us, neither bride nor bridegroom, nor the gentleman who consented to say the words which you use in your marriage ceremony, meant anything by it."

"Then what for did they a' slip awa' like a knotless thread and leave you and the titled gentleman, who maun hae been the bridegroom, — 'deed I seed him in the character wi' my ain een, and a braw bonnie bridegroom he looked — to suffer the scaithe and the scorn?" questioned Jeannie with natural unmasked impatience.

"It was the old lady — Lady Fermor, who is grandmother both to me and Miss Dugdale, that did it, and this is the painful part of the story," confessed Iris with furious blushes. "She has a great friendship for — for Sir William Thwaite — you know his name already. She wished greatly that there should be a marriage between — between him and either of her granddaughters — first one and then the other, but she has not been able to bring it about. I suppose, but I cannot tell, that she suddenly thought when the temptation met her, for I cannot believe she brought us all this distance to lead us into a snare," cried Iris, wringing her hands, "she would make the jest look like earnest, deceive Sir William and frighten Miss Dugdale and me into imagining there was nothing left for us but to be married truly."

"Oh, the auld bizzum! forgive me, mem, since she is your granny, but it is a sair pity when the auld, who suld be thinking o' a better place, hae neither conscience nor mercy, and are fit to sacrifice their bairns and their bairns' bairns if it will but compass some worldly plan of their ain. But what for did the other young ledly forsake you when you had done her sic a service?"

"I cannot tell, Jeannie," said Iris sadly. "But I think Lady Fermor and her maid must have misled my cousin up to the last moment and then forced her away. If so, she will never rest till she finds me out, I can trust her for that."

"You'll no think me impudent, mem," said Jeannie gravely, "gin I say I canna a'thegither comprehend, though I dinna misdoobt your word. But I maun hae a' the airts and pairs o' the story to gie to them that may help you. There were letters left for you — one o' them directed to Leddy Thwaite, you opened baith, as

gin you were free to do't — more by token, the gentleman sent you money for your use."

It was unmistakable that Jeannie, though genuinely indignant on Iris's account because of what the young lady had told the girl, still clung with a certain faith to the marriage, partly because of the perplexing contradictions she had alluded to, partly from a natural reluctance to find that her first, and it might be her last, example of a real grand runaway marriage was likely to end in smoke.

Iris sat aghast at these fresh complications. Were the meshes of the net closing round her? But she would strive to the last to break through them.

"The letter addressed to Lady Thwaite was in my grandmother's handwriting. I knew the handwriting and looked no farther. I never doubted it was written to me."

"It was a thousand pities you tore open the envelope, for a written word gangs far in law. It makes nae odds what you did wi't, though you hae burnt it to aes, for a dozen folk could swear to the direction, and you daured na deny you opened and read the letter."

"But it was not Sir William who addressed it," argued Iris with a faint blush, "I could understand the name would be of moment then. Think, Jeannie, anybody might write a letter to you calling you by a name which the writer had no right to give you, and you might open the letter by mistake, but the unwarrantable name would signify nothing, could not implicate you."

"You forget, mem, the ither proofs," said Jeannie, who had the logical head and the good parish schooling of many of her nation.

"I have a letter from Sir William Thwaite, mentioning the marriage as a frolic and addressed to me as Miss Compton. Will that letter not contradict the other?"

"Weel, it suld do something," granted cautious Jeannie. "But what about the money for your use, mem?"

"He sent it to me as a loan, lest Lady Fermor should have gone away and left me without caring to ascertain whether I had enough in my purse to pay my railway fare in following her, or in going back to my other friends in England. The precaution was justifiable," said Iris, flashing out in the middle of her patient humility, and holding up her fine little head in the old style. "We had many expenses when we were in town. I had

lent Miss Dugdale part of my last quarter's allowance, and I had not got the money for the next quarter — I was nearly penniless."

"The heartless, hard-fisted auld sorry," cried Jeannie, unable to restrain herself or even to offer an apology for her freedom of speech. "Even a servant lass like me, gin she be wise, has maistly a pund or twa in the savings bank, or a couple o' croons in her kist to fa' back upon. But you puir young leddies, who mustna mint at working for your ain hands, are often as helpless as bairns, and mair hardly dealt wi' by evil parents. Weel, mem, I hae you noo. I can follow your tale, though as sure's death it's gey daft-like, still it's within the boonds o' possibility, and it's no aye the daftest lass that gits into trouble. For my pairt I believe you ilka word, and sae micht jury-men and judge, if it were iver to get into a coort, though the auld leddy and her maid were to take fause aiths — as you may swear the t' ain wouldna stick at, and though the direction o' the letter and the money and a' were brocht in. But losh! mem, it was playin' wi' fire to play at a Border marriage, on the very spot, as gin the spirit o' the place possessed you. The mere word o't micht stick to you and bleck you to your deen' day. What modest lass — be she o' the laigest degree, would care to gang into a coort and be speered and back-speered by sniggering cunning blackguards o' lawyers, aboot sic a job? The bare word o' the scandal would stick to her."

"But the story's far too absurd for a court — who would carry it there? not even Lady Fermor," pled Iris.

"You dinna ken," said Jeannie, who preferred to look at all sides of a question, and rather inclined to take the dark side, "one can never tell how bools will row or what ferlies may come to pass. It might be a score or fifty years hence, when maist who could hae telled the truth were gane, gin you had married and had bairns, and ony money were to be left to them, or to yoursel', and there were ither claimants for the siller who heard a sough lingering here o' what happened last nicht, heth! it micht cost your lads and lasses their birthright and cast shame on their mither in her grave."

"Oh, Jeannie, don't be a prophet of evil," implored Iris; "and surely there is no need to look so far forward."

"Deed, that is just what there is need o', and a far outlook is a grand thing. Could you no mak' it up among your-

sel's," suggested Jeannie, feeling her own responsibility and striving to give the most discreet advice to the young English lady who had been so simple in her uprightness and was so gentle in her tribulation. "The titled gentleman seems to be a manfu' mindfu' chap and a kind lad, taking it into account that he was made a cat's-paw o' as weel as you, by the auld leddy; for I fancy he wasna seeking the price o' either o' you twa young leddies. I say naething o' his being a grand match, though when a' else is richt, siller and a lairdship and a Sir before his name are God's gifts, and no to be lichtly despised by ony prudent young leddy. He's faur frae ill faured and you're a rale bonnie, civil-spoken young leddy, gin you'll let me say sae. You would mak' a braw young couple — your granny was no far wrang there. Noo you're baith in the scrape, could you no think ower't, and gin there be nae ither lad or lass standin' between, which maks a fell odds, could you twa no draw thegither and mak' the best o' what has happened? Whiles a prudent marriage is no the warst, and they say, —

Happy's the 'ooin'
That's no long o' doin'."

"Jeannie!" cried Iris, starting up as if the girl had been suborned by Lady Fernor to betray her granddaughter's confidence which she had forced herself to give. "How can you say such a thing, after I had proposed to be my cousin's substitute, as if I were offering myself to Sir William and throwing myself at the head of the man I rejected with scorn years ago?" persisted Iris, betrayed into casting down the last barrier of reserve she had jealously guarded.

"Keep me!" retorted Jeannie, "here's another cat louped out o' the poke, no that it maks ony great differ that I can see, except to prove the heart's gudeness o' the fine lad. Canny! mem, you're under nae obligation to mind what I say, and troth I dinna ken that I would do what I bade you, mysel'. But I maun mak you aware of something mair bearing on this wark. I spoke to you aboot my auld granny who has a' her wits aboot her, and minds fine yet o' the grand run-awa' marriages lang syne. She bides wi' a single woman, a niece, a' her ain bairns being dead lang syne, in a hoosie by the roadside — the road that leads to the station. Granny's an ill sleeper, and in summer she often gets up by screech o' day, and puts on her duds — she's fit for that yet — and creeps to the door for a breath

o' the caller mornin' air. She was at the door this morning when the chaise wi' your leddy granny passed, driving to the station, and my granny has sent for me sin syne. She thinks she kenned the auld leddy. Granny had time to look at her, for the horse next the hoosie had gotten a stane in ane o' its fore feet, and the driver drew up and lichted down to pick it oot, jist forenent granny. And the auld leddy stood up and lent oot and banned him. Granny will hae it she kenned baith the face, though it was a hantle alder, and the vice as weel as the rampaging way. Granny says it was a leddy wha run awa' frae her man, and came wi' a lord as ill as hersel' to be buckled thegither on the Borders. But the man wha married the couples then resisted. He said it was clean against the law o' Scotland. Had the twa been bachelor and maid, or widower and widow, he could have jined them sae as nae man could lowse them, but he couldna an' he wouldna, and it would be as muckle as his place was worth, for him to marry siccan a couple. For the auld marriage law o' Scotland was to aid the helpless and defend the wake, but never to paunder to sin."

From The Edinburgh Review.

THE WORKS OF ALEXANDER POPE.*

THE second period of Pope's life was spent upon Homer. The proposals for the translation were issued in October, 1713. The first volume of the *Iliad* appeared in 1715; it was finished in May, 1720. The last volumes of the *Odyssey* were printed in 1726. With the exception of his edition of Shakespeare, this was his only literary work during the period. Wycherley's *protégé* had in ten years become, as Swift assured the young nobleman at court, "the best poet in England." He was already famous; his Homeric translations made him comparatively wealthy. From first to last he received for them little short of 10,000*l*. Perhaps the fall in French stocks which "went nigh to ruin" him, compelled him to undertake the arduous task. At first the work weighed upon him heavily. "In the be-

* *The Works of Alexander Pope*. New Edition; including several hundred unpublished letters and other new materials. Collected in part by the late Right Hon. JOHN WILSON CROKER, with Introduction and Notes by Rev. WHITWELL ELWIN and WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE, M.A. Vols. i., ii., iii., iv., v., vi., vii., viii. London: 1875-1883.

ginning of my translating the Iliad," as he told Spence, "I wished anybody would hang me, a hundred times." Want of money may also have combined with Pope's large acquaintance and keen interest in social events to induce the family to leave Windsor Forest. In 1716 Binfield was sold, and the Papes moved to Mawson's New Buildings, "to the water-side at Chiswick, under the wing of Lord Burlington" (Pope to Caryll, April 20, 1716). There his father, two years later, died and was buried, and Pope and his mother moved to the villa at Twickenham.

His life may be gathered from his correspondence. At the call of Homer he bade "farewell to London," exchanging "luxurious lobster nights for studious days." He exaggerates his dissipations like a man to whom boon companionship is not familiar. Health so frail could not endure excess, when "two bites and a sup" beyond his "stint" cost him more than others paid for a debauch. Even in the days when he possessed

The sprightly wit, the lively eye,
The engaging smile, the gaiety,
That laughed down many a summer sun,

he never habitually haunted tavern company. It was exceptional for him to sit up till "two o'clock over Burgundy and Champagne," or to become "so much a modern rake as to be ashamed of business." Such freaks were rare, although he was "the gayest valetudinaire . . . most thinking rake alive;" had they been the rule of his life, they would not be mentioned in his letters. An old man before he was forty, he could not rise and dress himself without aid. He was laced upright in a stiff canvas boddice, his legs encased in three pairs of stockings; he shivered with cold even with a fur doublet next to his skin. If it is considered how "crazy" was his form, how he suffered from asthma and dropsy, was threatened with cataract, tortured with rheumatism, racked with constant headaches which he vainly strove to alleviate by coffee; how he was sleepless for nights together, only dozing by day after dinner, or over the fire "like the picture of January in a Salisbury primer," or when the Prince of Wales conversed with him on poetry, it is marvellous that he was so seldom querulous. His brain was always busy; but, without economy of painless intervals, he could never have accomplished what he did. The scraps of paper and backs of letters on which he wrote his poetry show that "paper-sparing Pope" rarely wasted

a moment. What time he spared from his work he spent with his friends, or in being rowed on the river by his waterman, or painting, or rambling through the lanes on foot or on horseback with his dog Bounce, decorating his grotto—the subterranean passage that Swift called his "Ars Poetica," laying out his five acres of land which he "twisted and twirled, and rhymed and harmonized, into two or three sweet little lawns;" or in the "tender office"—and the hours so spent were the best and purest of his life—

To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient acts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smoothe the bed of death,
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky.

Constitution and habit made him restless. He rides to Bath, stopping at houses on the way; journeys to Oxford to stay at Magdalen, or visit Clarke at All Souls, or Spence, who was professor of poetry; or spends weeks at the "lone house" at Stanton Harcourt. He is to be heard of as a guest of Bathurst at Cirencester, of Oxford at Downhall or Wimpole, of Bolingbroke at Dawley, of Peterborough at Bevis Mount, at Ladyholt, Grinstead, Whiteknights, Mapledurham—the seats of his Catholic friends. Till his exile in 1823, Atterbury was a frequent host. He pays visits to the Blounts in Bolton Street, to Gay at his lodgings at Whitehall, to Arbuthnot at his apartments in St. James's Palace or Dover Street. Few public events took place at which he was not present, "as sure to be there in a bustle as a porpoise in a storm."

Round Pope gathered a brilliant circle whose names are "familiar in our mouths as household words." Besides the Scriblerus Club—consisting of Arbuthnot, Gay, Atterbury, Parnell, and himself, with Swift as president—were Garth, Steele, Prior, Congreve, Rowe. Oxford, Bolingbroke, Peterborough, Murray, Berkeley, Jervas, Kneller, were his associates. At Twickenham he was close to the royal palaces, and the young court held at Richmond by the Prince and Princess of Wales, afterwards George II. and Queen Caroline. The atmosphere of the latter was freethinking, for the princess was an *esprit fort*, a patroness of Tindal, Toland, and Collins; it was also in factious opposition to the king and the ministry. Among the courtiers were Mrs. Howard, afterwards Lady Suffolk, whose grounds at Marble Villa Pope assisted to plan,

Miss Bellenden, Miss Lepel, Chesterfield, Bathurst, Scarborough, Hervey. Pope was in his element; he and his friends as Tories supported the heir-apparent, the atmosphere of free thought was congenial, the maids of honor — to whom he was

Tuneful Alexis on the Thames' fair side,
The ladies' plaything, and the Muses' pride —
graciously received his extravagant gal-
lantries.

Among those who welcome Pope, on his "return from Greece," or the completion of the *Iliad*, Gay mentions Hervey, "fair of face," Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and "youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepel." Hervey and Lady Mary afterwards became his bitterest enemies. Hervey inherited, with the abilities of his family, those eccentricities which divided the world into "men, women, and Herveys." He married, in 1720, Miss Lepel, whose beauty and French vivacity made her the most fascinating woman of the day. At that time, as a member of the young court, Hervey opposed Walpole. Lady Mary was a hard-headed, keen-witted, masculine woman. When she wrote her "Unfinished Sketches" (1714) she hated Pope. Before her return from Constantinople in 1718, her personal acquaintance with him was slight. As correspondents they agreed admirably, as neighbors at Twickenham they inevitably quarrelled. Pope addressed her his wildest compliments, and his divinity accepted the homage in the spirit in which it was offered. Lady Mary's account of the coolness which sprang up between them is, that Pope made love to her and she laughed at him; another explanation is that Lady Mary borrowed a pair of hollands sheets from Mrs. Pope and returned them at the end of a fortnight unwashed. Perhaps the cause lies between the prose and the romance. Lady Mary's position in society was widely different from that of the Popes; she was a zealous Whig, he a bitter Tory; he sneered at Addison, whom she admired; Swift, Pope's greatest friend, hated her, and the dislike was returned; she had a bitter tongue, was unscrupulous in its use, and had many enemies to exaggerate her remarks. As her intimacy with Pope cooled, her friendship with Hervey grew warmer. Political events widened the breach. After 1727, Hervey, following the fortunes of his master and mistress, became the lay confessor of Queen Caroline, the *confidante* of Walpole, the assailant of Pulteney, Bolingbroke, and the wits of the *Craftsman*.

Pope joined in the war, and attacked Hervey as Lady Fanny, and Lady Mary in the outrageous lines on Sappho. Their joint retort, the verses to the "Imitator of Horace," taunts him with the obscurity of his birth, ridicules his poetry and appearance, and thus concludes: —

Thou, as thou hat'st, be hated by, mankind,
And with the emblem of thy crooked mind
Mark'd on thy back, like Cain, by God's own
hand,
Wander like him, accurs'd through the land.

Pope revenged himself on Lady Mary by raking together in his satires every slander to her discredit, and on Hervey by the savage lines on *Sporus*.

A woman who exercised a kindlier influence on Pope's life was Martha Blount. She was the granddaughter of Anthony Englefield, and the godchild of John Caryll. Pope first met her in 1710, at Whiteknights, where she and her sister, lately recalled by their father's death from school in Paris, were staying. Pope was then twenty-two, Martha Blount twenty. They did not become friends till some years later. Mrs. Blount and her daughters were slenderly provided for, when they left Mapledurham on the marriage of Michael Blount with Miss Tichborne in 1715. Pope's interest in the family dates from the fall in their fortunes. In letters both to Edward Blount and Caryll, he writes of them (March 1715-6) as "the widow and fatherless." Unsuccessful speculations in South Sea stock further diminished their income. Pope joined with them in the purchase of the stock, and assisted them in other investments. The bond on which he paid 50*l.* for six years to Teresa was probably only a business arrangement, though on it is founded the story that Teresa was his favorite till she was deposed for Martha. There is nothing to show that Pope's relations with Martha were not perfectly pure and innocent, a sincere friendship ripened by time into deeper feeling. Miss Blount became almost a member of his household, was treated as one of his family by his friends, invited to accompany him on his visits. The unhappiness of her own home was the first cause — if Pope is to be believed — of her residence at Twickenham. She was not handsome nor even clever: "It is hard," writes Pope to Swift of Mrs. Patty, "that time should wrinkle faces and not harden heads." But she was a sensible, right-thinking woman. Scandalous reports respecting this intimacy arose so early as 1723, "villainous lying tales,"

which Pope suspected Teresa Blount of circulating. It is difficult not to believe Pope's emphatic repudiation of guilt. "God is my witness," he wrote to Caryll (Dec. 25, 1725), "I am as much a friend to her soul as her person." After her mother's death she became, and remained to the last, what Pope most needed, "a woman friend."

Homer occupied the second period of Pope's life. It is easy to find fault with the version, to call it Pope's *Iliad*, not Homer's, to point out the blunders of his defective scholarship. Yet for English readers it is perhaps the best translation, although it is that which least resembles the original. Homer is not among the volumes which have appeared of this edition. Whatever remains to be added to the criticism of Professor Conington or Mr. Matthew Arnold may be expected from Mr. Courthope. At present the interest of the *Iliad* lies in the quarrel between Addison and Pope, which its publication in 1715 brought to a crisis. Simultaneously with the issue of Pope's first volume appeared Tickell's rival translation. Pope fancied that the "little senate" at Button's instigated by Addison were conspiring to ruin his reputation. He and Phillips were enemies. He suspected Tickell of censuring his "Pastorals" in the *Guardian*; he had heard that Addison was annoyed at his Toryism and the concluding lines of "Windsor Forest;" he believed that Addison had once given him unfriendly advice, and was now fathoming his own translation of the *Iliad* on Tickell. It is said that his ill-feeling was aggravated by Addison's supercilious rejection of "Dr. Norris's Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis," a pamphlet written in defence of "Cato" against Pope's old antagonist. Pope denied the authorship of the "Whim against Dennis." If he wrote it, it was insulting in Addison to express through Steele—Pope's intimate friend—his disapproval of the pamphlet. If Steele was the author, Addison's conduct is natural. Still more unlikely is it that Pope was told by Lord Warwick of Addison hiring against him the "venal quill" of Gildon. Without these doubtful provocations, Pope was already sufficiently irritable. The issue of Tickell's translation completed his imaginary grievances. "In great heat he wrote to Mr. Addison a letter, wherein he told him he was no stranger to his behavior, which, however, he should not imitate; but what he thought faulty in him he would tell him fairly to his face, and what deserved

praise he would not deny him to the world, and as a proof of his disposition towards him" he enclosed him the famous lines on Atticus. Addison died in 1719; the lines on Atticus were first published in 1723. The extract from Spence quoted above, contains Pope's defence to the charge that he only attacked Addison when he was dead. That the lines were in existence in Addison's lifetime is proved: that they were ever shown him is doubtful. The only other evidence of a course so unlike Pope's usual proceedings is a letter dated July 15, 1715, which purports to be written to Craggs. But such confirmation is of little weight when so large a portion of the correspondence is proved to be fictitious.

Dilke's discovery of the Caryll correspondence revealed extraordinary facts respecting Pope's letters to Addison and others. The collection consists of nearly one hundred and fifty of Pope's letters, printed by Mr. Elwin from transcripts of the originals, made by John Caryll. When Pope recovered the originals in 1729, he was unaware that copies had been taken. In the edition of his correspondence published in 1737, after Caryll's death, many of these letters reappear, addressed to more eminent persons than the Sussex squire, or blended into manufactured letters, which never passed between Pope and anybody. Thus four out of the five letters ostensibly addressed to Addison were really sent to Caryll.

By the side of his fabrications, Pope's complicity in the surreptitious publications is comparatively innocent. His letters fall into four groups: the correspondence with Cromwell, published in 1726; with Wycherley in 1729; with "several eminent persons" in 1737; with Swift in 1741. The letters contained in the first group were published without Pope's connivance. They were given by Cromwell to his mistress, Mrs. Thomas; she sold them for ten guineas to Curll, who published them in 1726. The publication of private letters was then a rare, if not unprecedented, occurrence. But Curll's success encouraged Pope to attempt a similar venture on a larger scale. His difficulty was to find a motive for an otherwise gratuitous display. The clandestine publication of letters between private friends provoked curiosity and silenced criticism. A Dennis could scarcely condemn what was only intended for private perusal. The world would buy with avidity the careless asides of a Pope. If the edition was volunteered by the author, the position would be reversed. No one is curious

about open secrets; every one censures vanity. How could Pope combine the advantages of piracy and editorship? He endeavored to solve the problem by the series of elaborate plots which are exposed in the present edition.

The issue of the "Cromwell Correspondence" seemed to Pope to threaten similar proceedings on the part of Curll. In his own custody only would his letters be safe from the Grub Street pirate. He therefore appealed to his friends to return him all his letters which they had preserved. Many of them did so with reluctance. Caryll, as we have seen, retained copies when he surrendered the originals. Three-fourths of the letters Pope recovered he burned; the selected remainder he prepared for the press according to his peculiar views of editing. The originals he retained himself, but copies were bound up in a volume and deposited in Lord Oxford's library. Before his work was completed, he was watching an opportunity to publish; the appearance of Theobald's edition of the "Posthumous Works of Wycherley" in 1728 afforded him his first pretext. Under the cloak of devotion to his dead friend, he could gratify his vanity and dislike to Theobald. He offered the letters in his possession to prove that Wycherley designed the suppression of these posthumous works; but, as the letters tend to prove the contrary, he probably thought the excuse too transparent. He therefore sought to produce the impression that the collection on which his challenge to Theobald was founded was published piratically. With this object he placed the correspondence in Oxford's keeping, and announced that it was lodged in his lordship's library; he had previously handed an edited copy to the printer. His next step was taken without the consent of Oxford, whose honor it impugned. In a letter dated October 16, 1729, he writes to Oxford,* "I consulted Mr. Lewis upon the turn of the preface of those papers relating to Mr. Wycherley, and have exceeded, perhaps, my commission in one point, though we both judged it the right way; for I have made the publishers say that your lordship permitted them a copy of some of the papers from the library, where the originals remain as testimonies of the truth." In other words, Oxford was to charge himself with a breach of trust. Probably he refused to assume the part of traitor, for the whole edition was so completely sup-

pressed that no copy exists. But the printed sheets reappear in the possession of P. T., the hero of the elaborate intrigue which accompanied the publication of the third group of letters.

The plot opens in November, 1733, with an offer to Curll, from a person calling himself P. T., of a number of letters to and from Pope. The offer was coupled with the condition of publishing an advertisement, which Curll refused. Eighteen months later, Curll, wishing to end his differences with Pope, sent him, in proof of good feelings, P. T.'s offer. Pope, in answer, inserted a notice in the newspapers that Curll had threatened to publish a collection of his letters, but that the collection, if it existed, was composed of forgeries. At this moment P. T. renewed his offer to the insulted Curll; the letters, he said, were now printed, but Curll might have them to publish. It is significant that Pope had, in the previous month, withdrawn the bound book of copies, containing the whole of this third group of letters, from Lord Oxford's library. They were never returned. The originals were always in his own custody. This time P. T.'s offer was accepted; the advertisement was published in the required form; several of the originals, then and afterwards in Pope's keeping, were produced for Curll's satisfaction between nine and ten at night by a short, squat man, in a clergyman's gown and barrister's bands, who called himself R. Smythe. From the same hand Curll received a specimen copy of the printed sheets, including sheets of the suppressed edition of the Wycherley correspondence which Pope had bought up. All the subsequent events betray the hand of Pope. The seizure of the imperfect copies by the messenger of the Peers, the collapse of the proceedings against Curll before the House, could have been prearranged by no one but Pope. Though Pope professed to have received the full confession of the mock clergyman, and was publicly accused of stealing his own letters, he never explained P. T.'s possession of the collection, or the originals, or the printed sheets of the suppressed Wycherley correspondence. He repudiated Curll's collection as a mass of forgeries and inaccuracies; but in 1737 he published its facsimile. Even at the time he was generally suspected of complicity in the publication of Curll's edition, but the public were not ill-pleased to see the pirate made to walk the plank.

Pope had hoped to include the fourth

* Vol. viii., p. 261.

group of letters, the Swift correspondence, in his authorized edition of 1737. He was already intriguing for its publication. The victim of his new plot was Swift, whose mental condition rendered Pope's conduct peculiarly base. In 1741 Pope published, as the second volume of his prose works, the fourth group of letters. The advertisement states that the edition was printed from an impression sent from Dublin, that this Irish publication was directed by the dean, begun without Pope's knowledge, continued in spite of his prohibition. A different light is thrown on the transaction by the recent discovery of the Orrery correspondence. Directly after the appearance of Curll's edition of Pope's correspondence in 1735, Pope urged the dean to return his letters. Swift refused. He should keep them, he said, in his cabinet during his lifetime; after his death they should be burned. Six months later, Swift reluctantly promised that at his death the letters, "well sealed and pacquetted," should be restored to their author; but he resisted all Pope's entreaties to surrender them for publication in 1737. In fact, Pope's eagerness to publish the correspondence was only baffled by the dean's refusal. At this crisis Curll once more appeared as the *deus ex machina*. Towards the close of 1736 he published two letters to Swift, one from Pope and one from Bolingbroke, alleging that he had received them from Ireland. Wherever he had obtained them, they had previously undergone Pope's editing. It seemed as if Swift's cabinet was insecure. "Curll," writes Lord Orrery to Swift, "like his friend the devil, glides through all keyholes, and thrusts himself into the most private cabinets." Pope used, if he did not contrive, the opportunity to press for the return of his letters. His entreaty was now backed by Lord Orrery. Alarmed at the failure of his own precautions, wearied by the persistency of Pope and his friend, with mind and memory failing, Swift at last yielded. In June, 1737, he entrusted the letters to Orrery to place in Pope's hands. Orrery writes (July 23, 1737) to Swift: "Your commands are obeyed long ago. Dr. King has his cargo, Mrs. Barber her conversation, and Mr. Pope his letters." There was a gap in the correspondence between the years 1716-23. These missing letters are the pivot of Pope's plot. The dean's powers of mind and body were rapidly decaying. "I cannot," he writes to Pope in July, 1737, "trust my memory half an hour, and my disorders of giddi-

ness and deafness increase daily." Of this forgetfulness he soon gives a signal proof. Twelve months after the letters had passed into Pope's hands, Swift forgot that they had left his custody. His mind reverted to his original intention. In August, 1738, he assures Pope that all his "letters received during the past twenty years or more are sealed up in bundles and delivered" to Mrs. White-way, his cousin, with directions at his death to restore them to Pope. In the postscript he hastens to correct his blunder, but with the confusion of an enfeebled intellect. By studiously concealing his receipt of the letters through Orrery, and pointing to Swift's repeated refusal to surrender the correspondence, by treating the missing letters as if they were the whole collection, by emphasizing Swift's wandering statement in 1738, Pope produced the impression that the dean retained possession of the letters. Their publication in Dublin therefore seemed natural. But the printed collection contained many letters from Swift to Pope; Swift kept no copies; how, then, could the Irish pirates have obtained letters addressed to Pope which had never left his custody? The Orrery letters prove that both parts of the correspondence were at Twickenham in 1737. If stolen at all, the collection must necessarily have been stolen in England. The subsequent history of the publication confirms this view. In 1740 Swift received from Bath a printed copy of his correspondence with Pope, together with an anonymous letter, stating that the impression was printed by an admirer of the dean's virtues, and urging him to make it public. Swift probably thought it useless to refuse, as the letters were already in the hands of printers. He sent the English impression to Faulkner, a Dublin bookseller, to be reprinted. Faulkner, who always believed that Pope sent the printed copy and anonymous letter to Swift, refused to print till he had received Pope's authorization. Thus even the Dublin edition was sanctioned by the authors. Whether Pope sent the copy or not, he profited by the effect produced. He published his rival edition of 1741 as a measure of self-defence. His edition exactly followed that of Faulkner; but Faulkner's edition was merely a reprint of a previous impression. Who but Pope could have supplied the materials? Who but Pope could have been the anonymous printer? As in 1735 P. T. produced a printed copy to Curll, so in 1740 an anonymous printed copy was

supplied to Faulkner. In both cases Pope repudiated, but reprinted, the surreptitious publication. If Pope's original letters to Swift were stolen in Ireland from the dean's volume in which they were stitched, he was singularly unfortunate, since the same volume contained letters, which no one stole, from all Swift's celebrated friends. Nor in this case could the Irish thief have obtained possession of Swift's letters to Pope, which had never left Twickenham. If they were stolen at all, Pope was four times the victim of a misfortune which befell no other public man. Whether the theft is assumed to have occurred at Dublin or Twickenham, the object is utterly inadequate. It is incredible that such a dangerous crime should be committed in order solely to transmit a single printed copy to the dean.

The intrinsic merits of Pope's own letters do not repay him for the extraordinary trouble of publication. But the derivative interest of a collection which includes the correspondence of so many brilliant men is undeniable; it would be valuable, if for nothing else, for the stern, sardonic chronicle of Swift's great and gloomy life. Most men are glad sometimes to slip away from the orthodoxy of composition, to don the dressing-gown and slippers of privacy, to relieve their minds in asides to their friends. Pope is an exception. He is always in full dress; his letters are indited to the world; they are universal secrets. "Written," says Horace Walpole, to everybody, they do not look as if they were written to anybody." They have not the unstudied charm of Madame de Sévigné; they are not written in the careless tone of easy conversation, but are characterized by the labored foppiness of Balzac. They rarely reveal Pope's real character. They are not unguarded effusions, but studied compositions, carefully revised and polished. He never in his private letters lays aside the part he played in public. In them he professes his disinterestedness, parades his virtues and integrity, affects contempt for his own poetry, indifference to fame, scorn of the world. Yet there are glimpses of real feeling, passages in which his tenderheartedness, his love for his mother, his interest in Patty Blount, his affection for his friends, his eager hero-worship, break through the crust of his affectation.

The third and concluding period of Pope's life was devoted to ethical poetry and satire. Pope's genius for satire, dimly foreshadowed in the "Essay on

Criticism," had been fully displayed in the lines on Addison. In February, 1721-2, Atterbury wrote asking for "a complete copy of the verses." He adds: "Since you now therefore know where your real strength lies, I hope you will not suffer that talent to lie unemployed." Pope was not slow in following his friend's advice. Two years after the completion of the *Odyssey* appeared the "Dunciad." Pope's own account of the origin of the poem, as given in Savage's preface, is not satisfactory. The Scriblerus Club published the third volume of their "Miscellanies" in March, 1728. It contained, among the pieces, the treatise on "The Bathos, or the Art of Sinking in Poetry," in which Pope ridiculed all the poets whom he considered "eminent in that art." This general onslaught brought a nest of hornets about his ears. The newspapers for the next half-year were filled with the scurrilities of his assailants. It was in the common interests of humanity that Pope, as he would have it believed, at last retaliated by dragging into the light of day "these common enemies of mankind." He poses himself as a Hercules cleansing the Augean stables of Grub Street. This account of the "Dunciad" in its present form may be literally true; the natural inference is false. The immediate inspiration of the "Dunciad" probably was the storm of abuse which the "Bathos" provoked. But throughout his whole literary life Pope was at war with his brethren. Each successive publication increased the number and virulence of his enemies. In some cases Pope was the aggressor, in others his rapid rise gave the provocation. Most of the libels upon him, which are collected in the "Testimonies of Authors," and prefixed to the "Dunciad," date from an earlier period than the publication of the "Bathos." Long before 1728 the offence had been given and the punishment was in preparation. There is evidence to show that so early as 1720 Pope was engaged on a poem entitled the "Progress of Dulness," which was afterwards incorporated in the "Dunciad." Swift's first advice to Pope on the subject of his satire was "to let Gildon and Philips sleep in peace." But later on, perhaps during the visits which he paid to Pope at Twickenham in 1726 and 1727, he urged him to proceed with his "Dulness." Towards the end of April, 1728, the wild excitement over the "Beggars' Opera" began to subside. There was "a vacancy for fame." On May 28, 1728, "Dulness" was published under

the more pompous title of the "Dunciad." Pope proceeded with extraordinary caution. The poem appeared anonymously, without notes or commentary, without even the inscription to Swift, and as a reprint from a Dublin impression. In this imperfect form it ran through five editions. The first complete edition, which Pope, speaking by the card, calls the first edition, was presented to the king by Walpole in March, 1729. But Pope's name was still withheld; the fiction was maintained that he was not the author; every precaution was taken to guard against possible actions for libel. In subsequent editions it underwent frequent alterations. It did not assume a final shape till 1742, when Pope added the fourth book, and dethroned Theobald for Cibber. Both changes were unfortunate. The fourth book contains the famous lines on the uncreation of the world by "Chaos old." But the splendor of the passage is dimmed by the irrelevant abuse of science and philosophy, and by the blunder which assigned Bentley a place among the dunces. Equally ill-advised was the dethronement of Theobald and the elevation of Cibber. The lines which fitted Theobald had no application to Cibber, who was in easy circumstances, a man of the world, without any taste for antiquarianism. But he had offended Pope by ridiculing him in a published letter as well as on the stage. Pope's malice was keener than his artistic sense. He sacrificed the "Dunciad" to gratify his resentment.

Pope's morbid vanity and irritability made him intolerant of criticism, quick to detect or imagine insult. Keenly sensitive of his own deformity he writhed under the unrestrained personalities of those who mocked at his misfortune. "The libel'd person and the pictur'd shape" were the easy jest of every coarse assailant. He winced under the meanest blow; the most contemptible affront rankled in his mind. Treasuring up all his insults, real or imaginary, he brooded over them till they assumed gigantic proportions. Unable to laugh at the assaults of his enemies, he retaliated in kind. The "Dunciad" is the matured, carefully executed plan by which the keenest of satirists gratifies his long-hoarded vengeance. Written by Pope under the influence of such feelings, it could not fail to be, what it unquestionably is, a very great satire.

The idea of the "empire of Dulness" is not original; it is borrowed from Dryden's "MacFlecknoe." But Theobald

and Cibber are raised on "a gorgeous seat" which far outshines "Flecknoe's Irish throne." Pope had already shown his talent for mock heroic verse. His labors of the past ten years had increased his power of travestying epic grandeur. He was still a stranger to the Homeric spirit; but it was easier for him to imitate its tone. Mr. Courthope is a warm admirer of the "Dunciad." He says: "The felicity of invention which assigns to each of the multitude of dunces his place and order in the Temple of Infamy, the propriety of the parodies, the strength, vividness, and at times the grandeur of the imagery, the terseness of the language, and the harmony of the verse, must cause all genuine lovers of poetry to subordinate their sense of the faults of the poem to their sense of its overpowering excellences."* That a poem written a century and a half ago should still glow with the white heat of Pope's passion is a marvelous testimony to the greatness of the satire. The biographical and social value of the poem may also be admitted. Yet in our opinion the "Dunciad" hardly repays the perusal of ordinary readers. The obscurity of the persons satirized has settled down upon the poem. To read it with pleasure requires a minute knowledge of the period which is possessed by few. Mr. Courthope's excellent preface and notes cannot compensate for the incessant distraction of finding the key to unlock the sense of the allusions. The artistic defects of the poem are considerable. It lives by its personality. But nowhere can Pope appeal so little to the promptings of the "satiric heart;" nowhere is the disguise of moral indignation so thinly worn, or the pettiness of petty squabbles so obviously mean. The objects of his hate are mostly unknown except as Pope's victims. Not even the "amber" of his verse can give beauty to the "dirt and grubs and worms" which the "Dunciad" contains. To immortalize the scum of events and persons is a prostitution of genius. Nor will anything excuse the obscenity of portions of the poem. Pope's apology only makes the matter worse, for it betrays a consciousness of his own shamelessness. The "Dunciad" is Rabelaisian in its coarseness, but not in its humor. In "Gargantua" and "Pantagruel" the filth is flung about with boisterous enjoyment; but in the "Dunciad" the broad laugh of the curé of Meudon is replaced by Pope's grin of malice. The

* Vol. iv., p. 23.

punishment is revolting in its severity. "We give laws," said St. John, arguing for the attainder of Stafford, "to hares and deer, because they are beasts of chase: but we give none to wolves and foxes, but knock them on the head wherever they are found, because they are beasts of prey." On this principle Pope acted. He calls his opponents "universal enemies of mankind," and treats them as vermin without justice or mercy. He degrades himself to their own level. Not even their poverty is spared, but he sneers at their garrets and starvation. Such taunts recoil on the head of the giber. "Why," it may be asked with St. John, "should he have law himself who would not that others should have any?" The great merits of the "Dunciad" are indisputable; but they are outweighed by the inhumanity of the satire, the pettiness of the personality, the obscurity of the allusions, the filth of the images.

Pope's next work, "The Essay on Man," was written to gratify not his own, but the public taste. Bolingbroke, who had returned from France in 1734 a shallow but specious philosopher, was anxious to obtain for his ideas the brilliant setting which might pass off the paste as diamonds. He urged Pope to write an ethical poem. The suggestion pleased Pope because he knew that natural religion was the absorbing topic of contemporary discussion. In the search for truth there may have been more curiosity than earnestness, but the interest of the day was concentrated on the origin of evil, the moral order of the world, the ends of Providence. It was as caterer to the popular taste, rather than purveyor of his friend's philosophy, that Pope began the essay. The first epistle was published anonymously in February, 1733; the second and third in April of the same year; the fourth, with Pope's name attached, in January, 1734. The essay is only part of a larger poem, planned on a more extensive scale than Pope had patience to execute. "The first book, you know," he told Spence, "of my ethic work is on the nature of man. The second would have been on knowledge and its limits. Here would have come in an essay on education, part of which I have inserted in the 'Dunciad.' The third was to have treated of government, both ecclesiastical and civil. The fourth would have been on morality, in eight or nine of the most concerning branches of it, four of which would have been the two extremes to each of the cardinal virtues." Of this scheme

nothing was completed but the "Essay on Man" and the fourth book of the "Dunciad," unless the "Moral Essays" are treated as a portion of the concluding book.

The essay was a work for which Pope was mentally unfitted. He had not Dryden's power of close reasoning, nor had he improved his natural incapacity by logical training. His brilliancy of style disguised even from himself the poverty of the thought. "He failed most," said Fox, "in sense: he seldom knew what he meant to say." For the topics of the poem he is indebted partly to the conversation of Bolingbroke, partly to such books as the "Théodicée" of Leibnitz, Shaftesbury's "Characteristics," Archbishop King's "Origin of Evil." The arguments are swept together from opposite quarters, from Pascal and La Rochefoucauld, Mandeville and Locke, Hooker and Hobbes. Even had he possessed the robustness of intellect or width of reading requisite for the subject, his method of working was fatal to consistency. He adopted some general theory, polished it to perfection, and laid it aside for another, perhaps contradictory, principle, which was subjected to the same process, and cut and shaped to the best advantage. The united fragments might be self-destructive, but such considerations did not affect Pope. He was more concerned to string together a chain of brilliancies than of reasoning. A sparkling gem was not rejected for a flaw in the argument. Hence the "Essay on Man" contains no central principle. It is a maze without a plan. Though full of forcible passages, instances of Pope's unrivalled power of concise expression, it is a medley of conflicting theories which no ingenuity can reconcile. Crousaz denounced the Essay as a noxious system of fatalism; Bolingbroke regarded it as an exposition of his own deism; Warburton proved its statements orthodox. It is difficult to discover what was Pope's own purpose, or how far he was the unconscious instrument of Bolingbroke. Probably he had not formulated his own religious beliefs. He never wholly identified God with nature, or lost sight of the intervention of a personal Being in the daily life of man. If God was less to him than an all-wise loving Father, he was more than an all-pervading force or a vague abstraction. Lord Chesterheld, who found a Bible on Pope's table, asked him whether he was writing an answer to it, but the presence of the book proves as much in one direction as the question does in

the other. Pope was neither pantheist, nor sceptic, nor orthodox theologian, but something of each. From arguments so inconsistent as those assembled in the "Essay on Man," no safe conclusion can be drawn as to his belief. The absence of allusion to the sanctions of Christianity, the reward of heaven, the punishment of hell, were at the time much insisted upon; but, in fact, such topics are excluded from his scheme. Mr. Elwin with the utmost success demolishes Pope's logic, but he also charges him with studiously using language capable of a loyal and a reasonable meaning. Such a charge implies that Pope possessed to an eminent degree the very faculty in which Mr. Elwin proves him deficient. Mr. Elwin will not allow Pope to save his character even at the expense of his understanding.

In "The Design," prefixed to the essay, Pope explains his choice of verse. Not only are precepts, so enforced, more striking and easily remembered, but he found he could attain more conciseness than in prose. Mr. Elwin says "the alleged choice was necessity. His meagre knowledge would have been ludicrous in a formal treatise. The ceremonious robe of verse was essential to conceal the deformed and diminutive body."* Apart from the unworthy sneer at Pope's physical misfortune, the comment assumes that Pope was aware of the flimsy insufficiency of his philosophy. The assumption seems unfounded. Pope regarded the Essay with satisfaction as his greatest achievement. It is true that he had selected a theme which could only be adequately treated in prose, in the most precise language, with the closest reasoning. The task of satisfying the inconsistent claims of logic and verse was impossible. It is true, also, that he had over-estimated his own strength, miscalculated his speculative power. But results prove that his choice of verse was wise. It is only the form that has kept his arguments alive. "Who now reads Bolingbroke?" asked Burke, a century ago. Who now, of the thousands that read the "Essay on Man," read it for Pope's incoherent exposition of the sophistries of an exploded philosophy?

The treatment, like the subject, was dictated by contemporary taste. The appeal, throughout, is to common sense. Had Pope dealt with the great problems on which he touches, suggestively, or even devotionally, the Essay might have been poetical. But instead of suggestion he

offers proof; for devotion he substitutes experience. The theme is not intractable, but the treatment is prosaic. On the other hand, Pope never writes in that style which Voltaire pronounced wholly bad, the *genre ennuyeux*. His ethics are trite, his reflections commonplace, the coherency of the parts is broken, the conclusions are ill-founded, but the Essay is never dull. As Johnson said of the "Divine Legation": "The table is always full, sir. He brings things from the north and the south, and from every quarter. He carries you round and round without carrying you forward to the point, but you have no wish to be carried forward." Pope failed, if he ever attempted, to build up his philosophy into a solid structure. Whether from design or necessity, he neglected the logical for the rhetorical association of ideas. But if the sequence of thought were closer, the Essay would have fewer readers; logicians would not be reconciled to verse, lovers of poetry would close the essay in despair.

The "Moral Essays" mark the transition between Pope's ethical and political political compositions. His "guide, philosopher, and friend" fired him with the philosophical ambition which had inspired Virgil and Propertius. But his speculative interests were not permanent; they were overpowered by the more exciting passions of political partisanship. The "Moral Essays" also fall naturally into their place after the "Essay on Man." Pope's plan of a great philosophical poem was developed in theory as it was abandoned in execution. The system of ethics in the Horatian way which Bolingbroke suggested to him in 1729, assumed elaborate shape in the hands of Warburton. He persuaded Pope to treat his fragmentary efforts as parts of a well-meditated design, and the "Moral Essays" as detached portions of the concluding book of a "Greater Essay on Man." The suggestion flattered Pope's vanity, by crediting him with powers of systematic thought. It also formed a framework in which to fit some of his miscellaneous poems. But except for the common principle of the ruling passion, the "Moral Essays" are unconnected with one another or the "Essay on Man." The dates and order of publication prove the theory of general design a convenient afterthought. Mr. Courthope groups together under the title of "Moral Essays" the four Moral Essays, and the six Epistles to Oxford, Craggs, Addison, Jervas, and Miss Blount. This classification is a

* Vol. ii., p. 331.

return from the order adopted by previous editors to the arrangement and title followed in the 1743 edition, the last which was prepared in the lifetime of Pope.

Of the four "Moral Essays," the first is the worst; it contains more philosophy and less observation than its successors. Throughout the greater part, Pope repeats the commonplace thoughts of the "Essay on Man." He is out of his element. The falseness of his position shows itself in the constraint of his language and the harshness of his versification. But, having established his principle, that the master-key of conduct, the "open sesame" of motive, is the ruling passion, he throws off the disguise of a philosopher, and appears in his natural part of a shrewd observer and brilliant delineator of human life. His assured position restores his ease of manner, grace, and liveliness of style. He regains his unrivalled power of saying most in fewest words. The last hundred lines are in his happiest manner. The skill is exquisite which works up the elaborate portrait of Wharton with an ascending series of pointed contrasts, or sketches Narcissa or Euclio with touches so light, and apparently careless, that only the general effect betrays their vigor and deliberation.

The remaining Essays reproduce the beauties, with less of the blemish, of the first. Bolingbroke considered the "Epistle on the Character of Women" to be Pope's masterpiece. It was published in February, 1734-5, with the advertisement that no one character in it was drawn from the life. This was at the time true, for the characters of Atossa, Philomede, and Chloe, were inserted later. Silia, Papilia, and the other illustrations, are fancy pictures made up of materials, some of which are observed, some imaginary. Women might justly complain of the poet's contemptuous view of their sex, but for the beautiful lines, as delicate in feeling as they are tender in wisdom, on Martha Blount, with which the poem concludes.

The insertion of the character of Atossa into this Essay raises one of the gravest charges against Pope. Report said that he received 1,000*l.* from the Duchess of Marlborough for the suppression of the lines, which were first published as part of the Essay in 1751. Mr. Courthope treats the question most fully, and arrives at a conclusion which is, if not irresistible, at least probable. The Essay appeared in February, 1734-5, without the lines; but they were already known to some of Pope's intimate friends. Pru-

pence warned Pope to keep them back "in an age," as he wrote to Swift, "so sore of satire and so willing to misapply character." In 1743 he had corrected for the press an edition of the "Epistles" in which, for the first time, appeared the character of Atossa. From his death-bed he sent round presentation copies to his old associates, "like Socrates, distributing my morality among my friends." After Pope's death, Bolingbroke, writing to Marchmont, speaks of this edition as "printed off and now ready for publication." "I am sorry for it," he continues, "because, if he could be excused for writing the character of Atossa formerly, there is no excuse for his design of publishing it after he had received the favor you and I know; and the character of Atossa is inserted." At his suggestion the edition was suppressed. In 1746 the character was printed on a single folio sheet with the following note: "These verses are part of a poem entitled 'Characters of Women.' It is generally said the D—ss gave Mr. P. 1,000*l.* to suppress them; he took the money, yet the world sees the verses! But this is not the first instance where Mr. P.'s practical virtue has fallen very short of those pompous professions of it he makes in his writings." The point of the note must be the suppressed edition. Who knew the secret, or could gain by its revelation? If the story rested on no other grounds than this anonymous statement, the charge might safely be dismissed. Dilke* does so dismiss it, either as a wilful misrepresentation or as a misapprehension; but the evidence is too strong that Pope did, in 1741 or 1742, receive 1,000*l.* from the duchess as one of the terms of some bargain between them. The question therefore is, What was the bargain, and did it relate to the lines on Atossa?

Whether Pope received a bribe or not, it is unlikely that he ever intended to publish the lines on Atossa as a portrait of the Duchess of Marlborough in her lifetime. While she lived, he was deterred by the same motives which led him to keep back the lines in 1734. Since 1735 she had humored Pope, and, as he told Swift, paid him "great court." Her dislike to Walpole had drawn her closely to the opposition; her wealth was at their disposal. Prudence, friendly feelings, and party spirit, which with Pope was a passion, induced him to withhold the publication. It is, however, almost certain

* Papers of a Critic, vol. i., pp. 226-33.

that Pope, between 1741 and 1742, received money from the duchess as part of a bargain, which may or may not have expressly related to the character of Atossa. If Pope's side of the compact was the suppression of the lines, it is incredible that he should have prepared them for publication with any reference to the duchess. He had held them back for eight years. During any part of that time he might have published them honestly. To defer publication till he had received hush-money was to adopt not only a treacherous but a ruinous course. Formerly the only consequence of publication was a woman's resentment; now the inevitable result was the proclamation of his own infamy. Nor would so shrewd a woman as the duchess have paid 1,000*l.* for nothing. The surrender of a single copy of the obnoxious verses would not suffice. Nothing less than the strictest proof of the terms of so costly a bargain would be required. In 1743 the duchess was alive. If the bargain related to Atossa, she held the damning evidence in her hands. It is incredible that Pope, whose life was one frantic struggle to build up his "moral reputation, dear to him as his literary fame," should recklessly risk the whole on a cast in which he had so little to gain. The bargain did not expressly relate to Atossa, and when Pope prepared to publish the character, he was also prepared to assert that the duchess was not the original of the portrait.

The terms of the bargain between Pope and the duchess probably were, as Mr. Courthope suggests, a general immunity for the duke and duchess from Pope's satire. He removed from his letters passages reflecting on Blenheim and its owners; he erased the name of the duchess who had won Cleland's money at Tunbridge; he omitted from the first *Moral Essay* the accusation that Marlborough received commissions from army clothiers and bread-contractors. In the "Essay on Man" he suppressed the character, as he told Spence, "of a very great man who had everything from without to make him happy, and yet was very miserable from the want of virtue in his own heart." It was against such passages that the duchess secured herself and her husband's memory. In her own mind, the duchess doubtless included in the compact the lines on Atossa. But the verses had been read to her with the solemn assurance that they were not her portrait. She was too proud to recognize the likeness by expressly insisting on their suppression,

or to disbelieve Pope's statement that they were meant for the Duchess of Buckinghamshire. Pope flattered his vanity by publishing the lines, and salved his conscience by a few dexterous touches which made the character applicable to the natural daughter of James II., and sister of the Pretender. The name Atossa, the daughter of Cyrus and sister of Cambyases, thus becomes a well-chosen name. The Duchess of Buckinghamshire, a divorced wife, daughter of an exiled king, sister of a claimant to a throne, spent her life in "one warfare upon earth." With Pope's assistance "she exposed a knave," by the conviction for forgery of Ward, M.P. for Plymouth. Her pride and violent temper were notorious. She was under obligations to Pope, but quarrelled with him. Her piety was more ostentatious than practical. She was perpetually engaged in litigation over the will of her late husband. She had had five children, but none survived her. An heir-at-law was found by a trial at bar. She had just died at the age of sixty-one. The resemblances were sufficiently striking to enable Pope to maintain that Atossa was meant for the Duchess of Buckinghamshire. His death ruined his plan. Bolingbroke found in the edition prepared for publication the character of Atossa. Well knowing for whom it was originally intended, he was struck with Pope's ingratitude. The edition of 1743 was suppressed because Atossa had once been the Duchess of Marlborough. It was on this ground that Warburton consented to its suppression. His mouth was therefore closed. He could only insinuate in a note, what Pope would have confidently affirmed, that the lines marked out the Duchess of Buckinghamshire "in such a manner as not to be mistaken for another." Here the matter would have probably rested, but for Bolingbroke's indignation at the "superstitious zeal" with which Pope had prepared an edition of the "Patriot King." Pope could have had no other motive than that of preserving a work, as he thought, of the highest genius. He had, however, altered the text according to his taste. Bolingbroke was furious at the discovery. Eager to revenge himself, he seized every opportunity to blacken Pope's memory. Mr. Courthope plausibly conjectures that the publication of the folio sheet in 1746 was the work of his agent, Mallet. Few persons, besides Bolingbroke, knew the secret to which the note alludes, and he alone was interested in its revelation.

The last two Moral Essays, on the "Use of Riches," were not originally published as connected parts of the same subject. The fourth Epistle appeared in December, 1731, as an essay on "False Taste;" the third in January, 1732, with the title on the "Use of Riches." The change was made partly in pursuance of Warburton's suggestion, partly as a defence against the charge of libelling the Duke of Chandos. By coupling the two Epistles together under the same title, Pope gave them the appearance of parts of the same essay, exhibiting the follies of avarice and profusion. His chief illustration of the former vice was the imaginary character of Sir Balaam; it would seem therefore probable that the chief illustration of the latter was also imaginary. No individual was intended, but "a hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam." The introduction into the Epistle of the line, "Thus gracious Chandos is beloved at sight," completed his defence. If Timon was intended for the duke, it was a pointed attack on a man whom the poet, in another part of the same poem, had highly eulogized. Pope's equivocations weakened his cause. Even if Timon was drawn from the life, Pope can hardly be charged "with ingratitude and treachery." At the most the offence was in bad taste. His acquaintance with the duke was of the slightest. The duke had subscribed to the *Homer*; but a matter of business leaves no obligation on either side. Though he had entertained Pope at Canons, the duke's character justifies the belief that he extended to the man of letters rather the patronage of a superior than the hospitality of a friend. There were thousands —

Who to the Dean and silver bell could swear,
And saw at Canons what was never there.

But the materials of the portrait were gathered for no single person or place. Pope's genuine vexation, when the duke was recognized as the original of Timon, seems to show that the portrait was more typical than particular, and that no personal malice flavored the satire. Mr. Courthope is right in attributing the real motive of the composition to "poetic effect. . . . Pope's design as a moralist was to present the ideal man of false magnificence, as Theophrastus might have painted him in his characters, but wishing, as a poet, to make his creation appear as real as possible, he colored it with actual experiences collected from many different quarters."*

* Vol. iii., p. 164.

The association of the two Epistles under one title leaves the artistic merits of each untouched. It is otherwise with another alteration. The third Epistle originally appeared as a letter addressed to Lord Bathurst. But Warburton advised Pope to recast it in the form of a dialogue. In an evil hour Pope consented. The argument gains nothing in clearness; the philosophical defects are paraded; the familiar grace of the letter is sacrificed, and not replaced by the colloquial ease of conversation. Lord Bathurst naturally complained of the "shabby and indifferent figure" he makes when he only opens his mouth to contradict himself. The third Essay has some of the faults of the first. The abstract principles are neither sound nor novel; but their embodiment in concrete form, the illustration of the truths by example, is Pope's peculiar gift. Villiers, "dying in the worst inn's worst room," "sad Sir Balaam" cursing God in death, Cutler's wretched life and wretched end, are unsurpassed even by Pope himself.

In the Epistles and Satires, which are grouped together under the collective title of "Horatian Imitations," philosophy disappears. Pope in early life held aloof from politics. But his independence was secured by the success of his translations; the opposition, once disorganized and dispirited, rallied round Bolingbroke and Pulteney; Pope threw himself into their cause with enthusiasm. The new recruit was a valuable ally. His skill in the management of his weapon was complete, and its edge was of the keenest. He was far more than a satirist; but in the mortality of the wound he inflicts, the exquisite polish and temper of his blade are disregarded. The place and title of the "Prologue, or Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot," and of the epilogue, or two dialogues, which originally appeared under the title of "1738," are due to the ingenuity of Warburton. They are unconnected, except in name, with the "Horatian Imitations."

The "Prologue" is an apologetic autobiography of Pope, an *apologia pro vita sua*. Its immediate origin was the joint attack of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Lord Hervey. Pope endeavors to gain credit for forbearance under repeated provocation by the Advertisement: "The paper," he says, "is a bill of complaint begun many years since and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered." The statement is characteristic. As a whole the poem was directly called forth by the onslaught of Hervey. It answers a

particular attack. But separate sketches, such as those of Addison and Halifax, were composed many years before. These form no integral portion of the scheme; they are not closely connected with the context; they interrupt the autobiographical apology. Though the transitions are ingeniously contrived, the continuity of the design is broken. Pope's Advertisement is true in detail, but false in general impression. Yet the extreme beauty of the fragments reconciles us to irregularities of structure. The old material is built into the new fabric with admirable skill; where every line is so highly finished, the inferiority of the whole to parts disappears. Pope follows the same disjointed method of composition which he pursued in the "Essay on Man." But as the texture of the Epistle is slighter, it does not so imperatively need cohesion. He has triumphed over the difficulties of his method, and produced, not a patchwork of incompatible ideas but a mosaic of harmonized colors.

He surrounds his own life with the halo of complacent self-esteem. The softened light in which he sees himself is in marked contrast to the naked clearness with which the failings of his enemies are revealed to his intense gaze. In the lines on Addison and Hervey he exerts all his power as a satirist. Hate never blinds him; it only sharpens his vision to preternatural acuteness. He detects instinctively his opponent's weakness, aims his stroke with cool deliberation, and his thrust is deadly. In his character of Hervey every muscle is stretched to wound and mutilate. The punishment may be merited, but the malignity with which it is inflicted creates sympathy for the victim. Here is no stern indignation of the moral censor, but the venom of the private foe. Pope falls, to use his own distinction, from the satirist to the libeller. On the chastisement of Hervey the poem really turns. Addison's character is one of the older fragments. The picture seems to have mellowed in the keeping. To it, among all the brilliant portraits of Pope's satiric gallery, the eye instinctively turns as his masterpiece. The weaknesses and failings of Addison are unsparingly exposed, but in a tone of regretful tenderness. The picture wins upon us by the artful admixture of praise; its colors are subdued and harmonious; whether like or unlike it is intensely human. The conviction steals over us that it is the man himself. At a first glance the effect of the companion picture of Hervey is tremendous. But

the coloring is harsh. There may be no detail absolutely distorted, no one feature conspicuously exaggerated; but the whole drawing is false, the general effect untrue. Unless there can be a man and a monster under one gaberdeine, it is not Hervey.

Personal hatred inspires the Prologue, party spirit the Epilogue. The indignation of pique or faction is not of the highest order; but as a motive power none can deny its fiery force. Satire, so inspired, has no vague generalities, no universal denunciations of abstract immorality. It is intense, real, concentrated. Pope's end is often mean, his aim unjust, his judgment perverse; but there is in his satire a depth of passion, a thirsty gasp for vengeance, which gives undying interest even to his most ephemeral jealousies or factious pettiness. The form of the Epilogue, or "1738," is that of two dialogues between Pope and his friend. In the first his friend remonstrates with him on the impolitic severity, in the second on the personal malignity, of his satire. In both Pope rises to a splendid burst of eloquence which has the genuine ring of sincerity: There may be self-delusion, there can hardly be hypocrisy, in the magnificent passages on the triumph of vice or the praise of satire. It is not triumphant Vice in the abstract which the poet sees, when

In golden chains the willing world she draws,
And hers the gospel is, and hers the laws,
Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead,

but Vice in the concrete form of Walpole's administration; nor is it the general power of victorious evil, but corruption personified in the Whig government, which drags the genius of England in the dust at her chariot wheels. So again, the poet cheats himself into the belief that his personal satire is animated by antipathy to wrong, by the strong repulsion of his nature to moral evil. He convinces himself that his is the "heaven-directed mind," his the reverent hand, his the honest zeal, to which the gods entrust the

Sacred weapon, left for truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence.

The purity of his motives is the unsubstantial fiction of a dream; but for the moment Pope's illusion is as complete as if the impression were created by the lasting reality of a waking vision.

The "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot," and "1738," are not inappropriately arranged as the Prologue and Epilogue to the "Horatian Imitations." No one in passing from

one to the other would detect the change from English to Roman soil. So nationalized is the classic garb, so slight and loosely worn the Horatian robe, that their presence is scarcely felt. Whether the idea of imitating Horace was suggested by Bolingbroke, or taken from the example afforded by Rochester, Pope's gifts shine pre-eminently in this class of literature. The social topics of the Imitations are his peculiar element. The monotonous regularity of his verse and the balanced structure of his sentences are relieved by variety of topic. He is never so completely at his ease as in the exercise of his tact of witty passing talk, and of his power of expressing lightly the light things of society. His style, in its glitter and sparkle, is exactly adapted to represent the surface of life. No one excels him in the *finesse* of language or graceful ease with which he touches contemporary events. If Johnson is right, the unlearned reader has the advantage over the scholar. The Imitations have all the attractions of Pope's original writings; but the "man of learning" is shocked by "the irreconcilable dissimilitude between Roman images and English manners." Such is not, however, the general opinion of scholars. The pain of strained applications or incongruities of thought is altogether outweighed by the charm of classical associations, the delight of ingenious parallels, dexterous turns, felicitous renderings. Yet not only is Pope's finished elegance strongly opposed to Horace's studied negligence, but in tone and feeling the Imitations differ widely from the original Satires and Epistles. Horace and Pope had some points of union. They speak for the same social class; they are both, in their way, masters of the art of social poetry. Both had sufficient for their wants, boasted justly of the simplicity of their tastes, offered their potluck or their broccoli and mutton with the same hospitality. The ease with which Pope adapts the autobiographical allusions of Horace show that so far they were in sympathy. Both lived among the great, enjoyed the friendship of ministers, took the same keen pleasure in their participation in the secrets of great events. But one of the bitternesses of Pope's successful life was the peculiarity of his political position. In his struggling youth he was the friend of statesmen in power; in his independent age he belonged to the least powerful section of a disunited opposition. The Imitations seemed to enforce the contrast. His was not the genial

nature to enjoy as a bystander the world's spectacle in which he had once been almost an actor. All his tenderness is for the past; all his malevolence for the present. Such a retrospective mood is uncongenial to the light-hearted worldliness of Horace. Equally alien to the Latin is the bitterness of party spirit which Pope adds to his regretful envy. A partisan with a political mission is not fitted to preach the gospel of Epicureanism. It is impossible to conceive Horace writing Pope's bitterly ironical address to Augustus: his "sly insinuating style" never risked prosecution for an attack upon rulers. Nor could Pope dismiss from his mind the deep problems of life and death, good and evil, with Horatian equanimity. Questions which Horace waved aside with the true philosophy of calm, Pope tried to account for and explain. They harassed and perplexed his mind: he was too earnest to be indifferent, too devotional in feeling to attain the imperturbability of scepticism.

Pope's satirical writings are the liveliest commentaries on the social and political life of the time. He holds up his mirror to man —

in vigor, in the gout;

Alone, in company; in place or out;

Early at bus'ness, and at hazard late;

Mad at a foxchase, wise at a debate;

Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball;

Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.

Next to personal feeling the strongest motive of his satire is party spirit. By it are dictated his bitter allusions to the king and Queen Caroline, the court of St. James and its hangers-on. No Whigs are praised unless, like Somers or Harley, they belong to an older school, or, like Chesterfield and Pulteney, were in opposition. His attacks on the clergy whose "flattery bedropped the crown," and his praise of Dissenters, were due rather to his politics than his religion. He sneers at the men of science, the archæologists, bibliomaniacs, and antiquarians, partly because they were encouraged by the court, but chiefly because they withdrew from political activities and fiddled while Rome was burning. Even his musical taste was regulated by his politics; he preferred Handel to Senesino, because the former was decried by the Whig nobility. He hated the moneyed classes, the Whig millionaires, "the city's best good men," as bulwarks of Walpole, Whiggery, and Protestantism. To them he attributed the mania for gambling speculations, the frauds of the Charitable Cor-

poration or the York Building Company, and the consequent financial disturbances which led to Atterbury's exile, and the extra taxation of the Catholics. All his friends belonged to the opposition; debauchees like Oxenden are freed from the pillory of his verse by joining his faction. The cries of the "patriots" against the court are echoed in his satire. He denounces the excise and standing armies, insinuates the sacrifice of English to Hanoverian interests, declaims against the tame foreign policy through which "Spain robs on and Dunkirk's still a port," attacks the open bribery of Walpole's system of management as the betrayal of the country. He sneers at the poverty of Grub Street pamphleteers and journalists, not so much because it is a crime, as because it is the excuse of "spurgalled hackneys" for enlistment in the service of the crown. As George II. had been the centre of opposition when heir-apparent, so the Prince of Wales was now set up against his father, and Pope, who despised kings, could not praise princes too highly. The unfinished satire, "1740," proclaims the collapse of Bolingbroke's party. Dissatisfied with the lukewarmness of the opposition Whigs, they distrust Pulteney's vacillation, and suspect that "he foams a patriot, to subside a peer." Bolingbroke returned to France; the secession from the House of Commons failed; the Tory squires sat still and wished for Walpole's death. Pope himself could only look forward to the accession of a young Marcellus of the house of Stuart or of Hanover.

His world had narrowed; he paid the penalty of precocity. His early friends belonged to a previous generation, which he naturally survived. Bolingbroke and Swift, indeed, remained. Bolingbroke was with him during his last illness, but Swift was "dying like a poisoned rat in a hole." His own health broke up rapidly. Disorders accumulated; dropsical asthma set in, for which he vainly consulted Dr. Thomson, a notorious quack. Neither the skill of Cheselden nor the care of Martha Blount could aid him. He died in the evening of the 30th of May, 1744, after receiving the sacraments of the Roman Church. Chesterfield and Bolingbroke might sneer at his sacrifice of a cock to Æsculapius, or his certainty of the immortality of the soul, but Pope was, after his fashion, a religious man.

The inconsistencies of his moral character necessarily expose him to one-sided estimates. Nothing will dignify the pettiness of his malice, or palliate the frauds

of his career. Yet his life was a gallant struggle against odds, ennobled by frequent generosity. The man who tended his parents with untiring devotion, sheltered his ancient nurse, pensioned his worthless schoolmaster, remembered friends of his youth like Southcote, assisted Mrs. Cope, championed the cause of Mrs. Weston, helped the children of his half-sister, befriended Savage, aided Dodsley, encouraged Johnson, cannot have been wholly false or malignant. His insatiable vanity was coupled with unselfish enthusiasm for the talents of his friends. Thrown back upon himself by a religion which was alien to that of the nation, by deformity, by sickly health, his natural sensitiveness became morbid. The self-torture of such a temperament was keener than any wound he inflicted on others, more deserving of pity than contempt. The one solace of the "long disease" his life was literary fame; when this is considered, his craving for appreciation ceases to be ridiculous and grows pathetic. His patriotism, if mistaken, was at least ardent. He raised the profession of letters by his independence of aristocratic and political patronage. Our view of his literary position has been sufficiently indicated. He represented the merits as well as the faults of his age, the lack of enthusiasm, the coarseness, the artificiality as well as the brilliancy and common sense. He was not one of those poets whose sweet influence "makes rich the blood of the world." Yet he wielded his power as a satirist for good rather than evil. If his moral scorn is weaker than his malice, if he attacks not vice but the vicious individual, he "strengthens the hands of virtue." His knowledge of human nature is scarcely profound. Character, as moulded in the Georgian era, as expressed in the manners of the day, is depicted in his poetry. The peculiarities of ladies and gentlemen of 1730, not the nature of men and women, are his province. He had the bright fancy of a designer rather than the robust imagination of the inventor. Deficient in originality, he rarely attempts the highest flights of poetry. To use modern terminology, he had too much of the intelligence of the Greek, too little of the Hebrew fire. His productions are the work of indefatigable art, not of prodigal nature; but they bear the stamp of perfect style and exquisite finish. His gift is the "learned sock" of Jonson, not the "wood-notes wild" of Shakespeare; his genius is less a divine possession than the offspring of patience.

From The National Review.

SOME LESSONS FROM CARLYLE'S LIFE.

It is my misfortune, or the opposite, at no time to have fallen under the spell of certain writers to whose influence the bulk of my contemporaries long while seemed to have succumbed. The gods of Israel have not been my gods; so I watch without a pang their gradual dethronement.

Perhaps foremost among the literary teachers at whose feet I was invited to sit thirty years ago, when one was of an age when sitting at the feet of some Gamaliel or other is as natural as it is becoming, was Thomas Carlyle. I conned his works with diligence, with interest, and with diversion; nor did I fail to perceive that the writer of them was a man of great powers. But of practical help in the affairs of life, whether those affairs were exclusively my own, were private interests I had in common with others, or were the general business of mankind, I found none in his seething pages. I seemed to be living in a sort of moral thunderstorm, and a thunderstorm rather of the theatrical than the natural order; for it never rolled away, and so the air did not get any clearer. The style was vivid and vivacious; it flashed, and rumbled, and belowered; but one grew weary of the perpetual growl, and the freshening rain, to which all this muttering and spluttering should have been the prelude, never came, and sunshine and serenity, the normal condition of agreeable and fruitful weather, were altogether absent from his pages. Even then I felt myself to be in the company of a gifted declaimer, whose uncouthness I regarded not as a distinction but as a defect; who taught me nothing concerning my duty as a human being that is not taught us all, in much simpler language, in the nursery, and who omitted to inculcate certain virtues there impressed upon us as indispensable; who, it is true, delivered the commandments with all the orthodox accompaniments of fire and smoke, though forgetting, perhaps, that it had been done before, and who certainly omitted to supplement them with the Sermon on the Mount; who denounced atheism, but presented me with no God, unless it was himself; who denounced the creeds of other men, but had no coherent creed of his own, on politics, science, literature, or any subject that concerns mankind; in a word, one who seemed to be a sort of Prometheus groaning and moaning on a dreary rock, and

placed there most unjustly, since he certainly had brought no light from heaven.

Mr. Froude has, within three years, published nine volumes concerning Carlyle, and by them has rendered the character and conduct of his deceased friend as much a part of public property as Carlyle's writings and opinions were previously. Of his writings, it is enough to say here, lest I should be supposed to be insensible of their merits, that it seems to me everyone must perceive them to be the writings of a man of great genius. Of his opinions I do not propose to say anything, both because he was entitled to hold them whatever they were, because they seem to me to be hazy and contradictory rather than definite and cohering opinions, and finally because, were there no other reason, of all forms of human occupation controversy is the least agreeable and the most profitless. If I ask to be heard, for a few moments, on the subject of Carlyle, it is because, in the name of what I have ventured to call the Aristocracy of Letters, I wish to protest against certain offences which, it seems to me, Carlyle committed against it.

They are three in number:

1. His habitual assumption, urged with exceeding bitterness, that, because he was a man of genius, the productions of his genius ought to have supplied him with food, roof, and raiment.

2. His constant complaints that his work was a burden and an affliction to him, for which he was entitled to special consideration and commiseration.

3. His deportment, as a husband, made known by his own desire; and his desire that it should be so made known.

Carlyle worked hard for many years before his works received the recognition they finally obtained, and brought him the material remuneration that does not always accompany critical esteem. I cannot think this an unmitigated misfortune for a healthily constituted man-of-letters. It would not be difficult to name men whose writings would have been more valuable had they themselves experienced a season of chilling neglect. The wood would have been hardened; the bloom would have set better; and the fruit would have been finer. Neither for tree nor for human being should March be unduly prolonged, or the blossoms may fall altogether; but too mild a spring is as bad for the writer as for the husbandman. Surveying Carlyle's entire career, and contrasting it with that of the average man of genius, I am bound to say I think he

was, in respect of what we are considering, exceptionally fortunate. He had not to wait so very long before finding himself a popular writer, and he had in the interim two inestimable consolations, — the warm admiration of private friends whose judgment he could trust, and the unflinching sympathy of a woman who loved and believed in him; while, years before he could be described as old, his works were objects of universal interest and subjects of almost universal enthusiasm, possibly beyond their deserts.

Yes; but how about keeping the wolf from the door meanwhile? How about paying the rent of the house at Chelsea, meeting the applicant for rates and taxes with composure, providing himself with a new suit of clothes, paying for Mrs. Carlyle's cabs — or, at any rate, her omnibuses — and satisfying the implacable demand of the butcher and the butlerman? Paulo-post-futurum popularity will not defray a man's bills; and while waiting for immortality, mortals must live, and pay toll for the privilege of living. But why did not Carlyle do this, like other people? He did, it will be said; but he did it only after a fashion, and complaining and protesting all the while to the eternal verities it was an intolerable wrong that following the bent of his own genius did not provide him with a saddle-horse and Mrs. Carlyle with a silk gown. Now if the eternal verities be anything more than a phrase, if they mean what I should prefer to call the unalterable condition of things, there is no verity, no truth, no fact, no condition, more plain than this: that food, roof, and raiment are to be obtained, not by following the bent of one's own genius, unless one's genius happens to be of a somewhat mundane order, but by following the bent of other people's genius. If a man wants a saddle-horse or a silk gown, he must go with the money in his hand with which silk gowns and saddle-horses are to be bought; and if he has not got the money, he must produce something for which the money will be given. To say, "I have written a beautiful poem, or a great philosophical treatise, and I want five hundred pounds for it, because that is about what it cost me to keep me and mine alive in tolerable comfort and decency while I was writing it," is merely to invite a swift and sharp rebuff from the "Everlasting No."

But what was he to do, having genius, and the world not yet wanting the productions of his genius? He was to produce something that the world did want; and it so happens that, far from his experienc-

ing any unconquerable difficulty in finding work wanted by the world, it was offered him, and offered him with some importunity, and he refused it. His friend, John Sterling, introduced him, as Mr. Froude tells us, to Captain Sterling, who submitted to him an offer to write for the *Times*. He rejected it. "He could not," we are told, "would not, advocate what he did not believe. . . . He would not march in the same regiment with those who did advocate what he disbelieved, nor would he consent to suppress his own convictions when he chose to make them known."

Now, no man, unless he be an abject scoundrel, will write, in a newspaper or elsewhere, the opposite of what he thinks and believes. But for a man to refuse to write in a newspaper in which there sometimes appear opinions with which he does not agree, while at the same time it offers him frequent opportunities of expressing his own views and advocating his own opinions, seems to be a proof not of scrupulosity, but of silliness. There are subjects upon which I should imagine Carlyle would have been allowed to write in the *Times* newspaper with absolute independence of thought. Even supposing, however, that the discipline of the *Times* is as Draconian as its opinions are the reverse, it was not the only journal that would have been glad to secure the assistance of Carlyle's pen. A man who is asked to write in the *Times*, would, I should think, be welcomed as an auxiliary by other journals; and if he cannot find a single newspaper whose opinions are substantially in harmony with his own, he must be, it seems to me, not exceptionably honorable and sensitive, but utterly impracticable and cantankerous. The effect produced by an individual mind, more especially if it be a strong one, is always considerable in every society and every circle; nor, I imagine, could editors, the most careful, and wisely and properly careful, to guard their authority, altogether resist its imperceptible and unconscious influence. Of course, as I have said, this presupposes some harmony of view between editor and writer; and it is incredible that Carlyle should have been deliberately invited to write for the *Times* by the intervention of those who knew him intimately, unless the belief prevailed that such harmony practically existed.

At the same time, nothing is more noble and more sublime in conduct, or more deserving of pious admiration, than the resolve of a man, be he a man of genius

or only one who fancies himself such, to devote himself exclusively to his art, and to allow no servile occupation to come between himself and it. Whether the highest art has ever been attained under such conditions, whether it is good for a man to have no other interests than those of his art, and whether the greatest poets and greatest men of letters have lived without doing a certain portion of the world's drudgery, is another question, and one which, reasoning inductively and from many great examples, I should be disposed to answer in the negative.

Men by the side of whom, in respect of genius, Carlyle is a pigmy, men like Dante, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, did work that was rather distasteful to them, and took payment for doing it. None the less, however, must we honor the man who will not do the world's work for it, because he thinks, rightly or wrongly, that doing the world's work will injuriously affect his capacity for doing his own special work.

But this honor, which is honor extended not to genius but to character, can be lent only on condition that the person so acting is neglecting no duty to others, and bears uncomplainingly the lot he has himself chosen.

I will speak of the first of these conditions when I come to treat of Carlyle's relations with his wife. It is painfully clear that with the second of these conditions he did not comply. He deliberately refused to do work that would have been promptly and amply paid for, and then vented himself in perpetual lamentations because people would not pay promptly or, as yet, at all, for the only work he would consent to do. Is this admirable? To me it seems pitiful and unmanly beyond words. I confess that, in this Golden Age, I find ever more and more difficulty in dissociating the idea of aristocracy, if not from poverty, at least from simplicity and material moderation of living; and it has seemed to me that an aristocracy of letters is all the more feasible because men of letters are nearly always, by the very conditions of the case, men of moderate means. "High thinking and plain living," therefore, if practised from choice and with assent, appears to me to be about as satisfactory a definition of aristocracy as one could well wish for. If, therefore, Carlyle, while responsible only for himself, had elected to be immersed in great literary enterprises and to remain poor, very poor, in consequence, that is the man, as Thackeray would have

said, to whom, indeed, one ought to have taken off one's hat.

Unhappily, Carlyle elected to be poor, and then bemoaned himself aloud that he was so. I see no aristocratic quality in this; I see no self-respect; I see nothing to admire. On the contrary, I see everything to deplore and to reprehend. If a man makes his own bed he must lie on it, and lie on it without tossing about and calling all the world to witness what an insufferable couch it is. To follow the bent of your own genius may be a very fine thing. But if it is, then let a man who does so take the consequences, and remain rigidly silent concerning any hardships the divine choice entails.

The second complaint I have to make of Carlyle as a practical moralist, as a man who has emptied all his drawers, published all his correspondence, and laid his inmost thoughts, feelings, and actions before us, and so become for us either an exemplar or a warning, is that he speaks of the work he himself elected to do as a burden to him, and for the doing of which he was entitled to compassion. It is unnecessary to cite the language, iterated and reiterated by him, concerning his torments in writing the "Life of Frederick the Great. They are familiar to all who are familiar with the life of Carlyle.

Now, sight should not, of course, be lost of temperament. Some souls are joyous, some are depressed, some are morose. If I am answered that Carlyle could not help being what he was, we must bid adieu to all estimates of good and bad, right and wrong, in daily conduct. I do not profess to solve the riddle of free will and predestination. But, for practical purposes, we must needs go on saying, "This was praiseworthy," "This was blameworthy," and if praise and blame are words of any value, great blame, it seems to me, attaches to Carlyle for the attitude he maintained towards his own labors. So strange to me seems his lack of enjoyment in his work, that I have sometimes been almost tempted to attribute it to a foible than which, in a man of letters, there can be none more unfortunate, viz., delight in the result of his labors, if the result happens to be eulogy and profit, instead of delight in the labors themselves. If a man has got that disease, there is no help for him, either within or without. I am loth, however, to think this of Carlyle, for, if it were so, it would almost annul his claims to be regarded as a man of genius. I will never believe that genius does not take delight, and find pay-

ment of instant pleasure, in the exercise of its energy. Indeed, I suspect there is no such delight as that a man feels when he revels in the energy of imaginative composition, and, as Shelley expressed it,

Walks with inward glory crowned.

I do not believe, therefore, that Carlyle did not experience much pleasure, and even exultation, in the work of composition. But for every pleasure a price must be paid, and feelings of exultation will obey what Mr. Herbert Spencer calls the law of unstable equilibrium, by making way occasionally for feelings of depression. But why should not a man, and a man of genius of all men, pay the price, and pay it silently? It is, I conceive, one of the sharpest pains and sorest trials a man can experience, to feel that the spirit which he knows is within him will not speak, and has gone dumb. To be deserted, if only for a time, by the thing he loves and prizes most in the world, is to take the sunshine out of the sky, the scent out of the flowers. Only people who are what is called "in love," and are separated from the being they wish to be always with, can, I imagine, have a due conception of the sense of loss produced by the churlish infidelity of the Muse, be it the historic Muse or any other, on the mood of a man who is accustomed to her presence. But lovers are separated; so why not authors and their inspiration? Carlyle had only to open his "Horace," and to read:—

Neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo.

He had only to turn to Goethe, whom he told other people to read—"Close your Byron, open your Goethe"—but whom he himself seems to have read in vain, to learn that there must be gaps and intervals in the productive energy of a man even the most energetic and the most fertile. Nay, he had only to turn to Longfellow, whom I suppose he would have despised as a mere jingler, to learn some valuable wisdom on this point, though not put in any sensational manner:—

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining,
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy lot is the common lot of all,
Into each cup some drops must fall,
Some days be dark and dreary.

"The common lot of all." There it is. What right has an author, or an artist, or a musician, or any one, whether he have genius or have it not, to expect to be exonerated from the general doom of man-

kind? There are not two dispensations, one for men of genius, and one for common folk. The same dispensation governs both; and rebellion in either case, is attended by sharp penalties. When Napoleon saw Goethe, he exclaimed, "*Voilà un homme!*" He did not say, "*Voilà un poète!*" Napoleon knew that Goethe was a great writer, and Napoleon was quite capable of appreciating great writing. But what he admired, and justly admired, in Goethe was his manliness. Goethe was not too proud, or should I not rather say too impracticable, to take pay from the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, in order that he and his might live in decent comfort, and he might secure to himself leisure to write "Faust," "Wilhelm Meister," his "Autobiography," and the rest. But he did not spare himself, or bemoan himself, when, because he had accepted this pay and secured this liberty, he had to make long journeys to look after the duke's unprofitable mines, or had to reconcile the conflicting claims of rival *prime donne* at the duke's theatre. He wrote an immortal poem, and at the same time did the office drudgery of a German privy councillor. *Voilà un homme!*

Therefore I can discover no excuse for Carlyle, happy as I should be to discover it, when he expected his genius to find him in bread and butter, when he refused to replenish the cupboard by the ordinary means open to ordinary men, or when he bellows over the pains of the work he had himself chosen, as though he were Ence-ladus in Etna. Hedging and ditching is hard work sometimes, as any one who has watched it may have observed. Driving a locomotive for fourteen hours on end cannot be very light work. But what should we think of the rustic who stopped between each shovelful of dirt to tell us what a hardship it is to prune and delve? or what should we say to the mechanic who got down at each station to inform the passengers that the heat, the dust, the rain, and the cold, were almost more than he could bear? One might almost forgive them if they did so, though they never do, for their load is real, and their compensations are few. But for a man of genius to complain of his burden of genius,—that does indeed seem the limit of human ingratitude. Of all helpful and consoling gifts, surely he possesses the most consoling and the most helpful. Life is full of significance for him, full of interest, full of tragedy, comedy, and endless pathos. The present is his, and the past, and he already participates in the future. He

has only to be ordinarily kindly, and all good men will revere, all true women will love him. He is a privileged being, indeed. Everywhere he is a welcome guest, though he brings with him only the halo of his renown; surely a small and sorry return for all that is lavished on him. Any rightly constituted being must at times be oppressed with the sense of the tremendous contrast between all he has received, and all he can possibly give. Homer has lived for him, and Saul, and all the prophets. Pericles has labored, Phidias carved and designed, Pindar sung, the Parthenon been built, Athens opened like a flower, and Rome fallen like a fruit, all for him. He has come into the world, and he finds there the majestic thoughts of Dante, the Belfry of Giotto, the beauty of Florence, nay, the whole of beautiful, bountiful Italy before him. Galileo, and Kepler, and Copernicus, and Newton, have discovered for him the march of the stars, and interpreted for him the procession of the heavens. For him Harvey surmised and proved the physical secret of his being; and a band of laborious therapeutics have bequeathed him charms and spells with which to ward off disease, to coax sleep, to baffle pain. To him Shakespeare has left as a legacy all his wisdom, all his wit, all his imagination.

For me your tributary stores combine,
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

And what has he given in return? In most cases, nothing; in all cases, very little. Even the man of genius makes but a poor bequest to posterity, in comparison with what he inherited from his ancestors; while he has inherited far more than ordinary men, for he has received the gift, a gratuitous and unearned boon, of a special power of appreciating what he has inherited, together with the opportunity and the capacity to add a little something, at least, to the accumulated treasures of mankind. How such a one can complain, and can feel anything but continual and unutterable thankfulness, passes my comprehension.

Unfortunately, Carlyle had neither the stoicism of the pagan, nor the humility of the Christian; and without one or the other — better for him if he have both — a man is badly equipped for the sweetness and the severity of life. Each of us is a little Atlas in his way, with a portion of the world upon his shoulders. Ought we not to accept the load, not only without

shrinking, but with some slight consciousness of the dignity of the burden?

The relations of husband and wife ought never to come under the notice of the world. They are too delicate to be laid before so coarse a tribunal, which has more curiosity than sympathy or sense of justice; and even did it desire to adjudicate equitably between them, it is impossible to produce the finer but important evidence without which no decision approximating even to justice is attainable. But the relations of Carlyle and his wife have, unhappily, been made public; and the blame for the disclosure must be divided between Carlyle himself and Mr. Froude. Speaking of Mrs. Carlyle's letters, Mr. Froude says: —

Mr. Carlyle did not order the publication of these Letters, though he anxiously desired it. He left the decision to Mr. Forster, Mr. John Carlyle, and myself. Mr. Forster and Mr. John Carlyle having both died in Mr. Carlyle's lifetime, the responsibility fell entirely upon me. Mr. Carlyle asked me a few months before his end what I meant to do. I told him that when the *Reminiscences* had been published, I had decided that the Letters might and should be published also. Mr. Carlyle requested in his will that my judgment in the matter should be accepted as his own.

It is impossible, therefore, if my idea of what is right in such a matter be correct, to exonerate either Carlyle or Mr. Froude. Why should the world have been admitted to the sanctuary of the hearts of Carlyle and his wife? Is it because Carlyle was a distinguished man of letters? I protest that this is no reason for violating a rule which is applicable to the whole of mankind, to the high as to the lowly, no less to the eminent than to the obscure. Is it because it was necessary to a due comprehension of Carlyle's character? I protest again that no stranger was entitled to a comprehension of Carlyle's character. All that he is entitled to is a comprehension of Carlyle's published works. Is it because it was necessary to do justice to Mrs. Carlyle? The answer to that too obviously is, that she has, by the publication of her letters, been dethroned from a pedestal she might otherwise have occupied without any damage to her husband; and though the letters prove her to have been a martyr, she was a martyr who called the attention of her friends to the fact that she was a martyr whose tormentor was her own husband. The revelation is deplorable, and was gratuitous. Mr. Froude tells us, in effect, he was authorized by Carlyle to suppress the

letters, if he thought proper. I will go so far as to say that, even without that authorization, he ought to have suppressed them.

The whole world, however, has read them; and the verdict of a considerable portion of the world is, and will remain, to quote Mrs. Carlyle's own words, "When you marry a man of genius, you must take the consequences."

I believe the assumption that underlies that inference to be utterly unjust. When you have married any man you must take the consequences. But I suppose it is equally true that when you have married any woman you must take the consequences. Fortunately, there are not many men who are like Carlyle, and there are only a limited number of women who are as unwise as Mrs. Carlyle was in one particular point. His general treatment of her, arising out of the defects of his nature, was intolerable; her resentment with him on account of his intellectual intimacy with another woman, was ridiculous. But there is many a man, not a man of genius nor a man of letters, who has treated his wife just as insufferably as Carlyle; and many a woman, not the wife of a man of genius or man of letters, who has been as jealous as Mrs. Carlyle, with just as little excuse.

That is the point I am anxious to urge; and it will be seen, I trust, that the whole purport of my remarks is to establish that men of genius are entitled to no privilege, in respect of conduct, which does not belong to men who have no genius, and that the wives of men of genius have, as a rule, no more to put up with from their husbands than, as a rule, befalls women who marry ordinary men.

I have said that Carlyle had a right, if he chose, to refuse to write for the *Times* newspaper, or for any newspaper, or to do any work other than that which it pleased him to do, provided he was prepared to accept the material consequences of his refusal with silence and resignation, and provided others were not dependent on him for reasonable material comfort.

But it so happens that there was some one dependent on him, and that was his wife. Even if she had not been boundlessly good to him, even if she had not admired and believed in his genius, and made sacrifice of material comfort and position in order to marry him and be his helpmate, he would still have been bound to see that she was protected from penury, financial worries, and drudgery injurious to her health; and he would have been

bound to do this, even if the result had been that no single line of what he himself wished to write could, in consequence, ever see the light. I have said that the two things could have been done, and done easily, and have been done, over and over again, by men of genius who were men before they were anything else—in other words, by men brave and gentle.

Carlyle did not do this. It is said that Bernard de Palissy burned his wife's bed, when other fuel failed him, in his researches after a particular enamel. If he did, he was an enthusiast, if you like, but a selfish and unmanly enthusiast. Your own bed, yes, and yourself into the bargain, if you like. But your wife's bed, never! What is any man and his trumpery enamels, or, for that matter, his trumpery essays, histories, or poems, compared with his duty to shelter from the rain and the wind the delicate creature that has given herself to him?

I am not insensible to the fact that the wives of men of genius have sometimes treated their husbands as though they had no genius, or as though their genius was of no account, and as though their chief mission in life was to make money and provide their wives with the same luxuries as are provided for women whose husbands are on the Stock Exchange. If any man of genius have a wife of this sort, he should be adamant against her efforts to degrade him. He should take care she has everything that is necessary, and he will even strain the point and give her more than is necessary, and, in so doing, he will take care to reconcile his duty to her with his duty to his genius. If this does not satisfy her, then, with regret, but without hesitation, he will allow her to remain dissatisfied.

Mrs. Carlyle was no such woman. On the material side, she was an angel of light, and any man worth his salt would have kissed the hands that scrubbed those floors, painted those wardrobes, and mended those garments.

I wish she had been as robust on the moral side, and then she would have been a heroine and a saint indeed. For a woman to have a monopoly of a man, in any department of him, is, if one judges inductively, rather against the law of nature than in conformity with it, and happens only, as I hope it happens often, thanks to the law of love or the law of grace. But to suppose that a woman, any woman, is to have the monopoly of a man's intellect and genius, and that no other woman is to offer him sympathy,

admiration, and encouragement, is a pretension that needs only to be stated to be dismissed. Mrs. Carlyle advanced this pretension, and bitterly she had to pay for it.

But that we should have learned all this, and with the consent of Carlyle himself, is deplorable. If he wanted to do penance for his behavior to his wife, I should have thought that, in his case, silence would have been penance enough. As it is, he only attributes to himself unconscious blindness, which is not to accuse oneself of a fault at all. If I am to speak my whole mind upon the subject, it seems to me that he was such a stupendous egotist that he would not admit himself to have been in the wrong, nor admit that his wife was in the wrong, but that he wished everybody to believe, what he believed himself, that *his* father, *his* wife, and himself, were the three most remarkable people that ever lived.

It is neither necessary nor becoming for men of letters or men of genius to bring their personal trials and sufferings before the world. Ordinary men have to bear these things as best they can, and without profit of any kind. Men of genius can learn wisdom from them, and use them in time as materials for their art. Then their trials become transfigured and glorified; and nobody is any the worse, and mankind is so much the richer. The vulgar world has always craved to know if there was not some conjugal difference underlying that "second-best bed" Shakespeare bequeathed to his wife. Happily the vulgar world remains in ignorance upon that subject. If Shakespeare's wife was a tergitant, perhaps she helped her husband, unintentionally, to write "The Taming of the Shrew."

But do men of letters and men of genius usually comport themselves like Carlyle? I protest they do not. I could adduce men of letters in crowds to discredit the assumption. But let any one look at the living. Why should I hesitate to name them? The poet laureate is one of the glories of our time; and it is notorious that his domestic life is as beautiful, as peaceful, and as full of charm, as one of his own poems. Was there ever a better wife and mother than that stupendous genius, Elizabeth Barrett Browning; and was any woman ever more touchingly commemorated than she by her distinguished and blameless husband? Is there any citizen alive more honored, more respected, and more deserving of honor and respect, than Mr. Matthew Arnold?

But enough. In conduct, as in style, all violence is weakness, and most weakness ends in violence. Carlyle was violent, therefore he was weak. He was weak, and therefore he was violent. He lacked

serenity of soul,
Which, of itself, shows immortality.*

ALFRED AUSTIN.

* Manfred, Act ii., Scene i.

From Chambers' Journal.

ARTIFICIAL JEWELS.

THE trade in artificial jewels has become very extensive during the last half-century, and the chemical experiments in which various qualities of imitation diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds are produced have been recently carried on with an astonishing amount of success. It is becoming more and more difficult, even to the eye of the expert, to distinguish readily between the real and the false gem, when they do not shine in too close proximity.

The most distinctive feature of the real stone is its hardness, though even this quality has been imitated with considerable success. The term "hardness" is used by the lapidary and mineralogist to denote the power of one stone to scratch another; it must not be considered as the power of resisting a blow, for many crystalline stones which are very hard are also easily fractured. The diamond, which will scratch any other stone, can be more easily broken than many stones which are less hard. After the diamond come the ruby and sapphire, which are the next hardest stones; then emeralds, topazes, and quartz or rock-crystal; and finally, a number of other stones, and glass or artificial stones.

The beautiful "French paste" which imitates the diamond so well, is a kind of glass into which a certain quantity of oxide of lead is introduced. The more lead it contains the more brilliant is the artificial stone; but the lead gives softness — so much so, that we have known such artificial gems to become, by friction with other harder substances, quite dull on the surface after being worn for some time.

But the latest chemical experiments on the production of artificial stones for use in jewellery point very clearly to the fact that further success in this direction is

likely to be forthcoming before long. The imitation of the natural gems by means of various silicates and oxides has already attained to a great degree of perfection, and no doubt this ingenious branch of industry must interfere considerably with the trade of the dealer in real precious stones. We can already purchase a capital "diamond" for about half a crown; and the imitation of the ruby and the emerald is far easier, and more successful, than that of the diamond.

Careful choice in the substances to be melted together, good and effective cutting, and careful artistic setting, have gone a long way to reproduce, artificially, the brightness, brilliancy, and color of the real stone. Chemical analysis shows the sapphire to be pure alumina, as it has shown the diamond to be pure carbon; but it does not account for its color, which is partly due to an optical effect, and depends upon a peculiar molecular arrangement. This stone possesses the singular property known as *dichroism* — that is, it shines with two colors, blue and red. In a well-cut stone, a red cross often appears in the midst of the sapphire blue. The ruby is also pure alumina, and its vivid red color, like the blue of the sapphire, is thought by some to be due to a peculiar optical effect. In fact, no chemical analysis has been able to account quite satisfactorily for the red color of the ruby or the blue color of the sapphire, for pure alumina is quite white, and the sapphire, as we have seen, shows two colors. This peculiar optical effect noticed in the ruby and sapphire has, strange to say, been accidentally reproduced not long since by a French chemist, M. Sidot, who has been making some experiments on artificial stones. He has produced a kind of glass by melting phosphate of lime at a great heat, and the product possesses the blue color of the sapphire with the remarkable *dichroism* before alluded to. The experiment is so curious, that a few lines may be devoted to it here.

By the action of heat on what is termed "acid phosphate of lime," it is transformed into "crystallized pyrophosphate;" and when heated to a still higher temperature, it passes into the vitreous or glassy state. It is supposed that in this condition it loses some of its phosphoric acid by volatilization, and passes into the state of "tribasic phosphate." Such is the technical explanation of the changes which occur. The phosphate of lime glass is produced by taking this substance in a moist, acid state, and heating it in an iron

pot to a dark red heat. During this operation it is worked about with an iron rod, in order to prevent its swelling up and passing over the edge of the iron crucible. The dark red heat is continued until the whole mass has become glassy and transparent. At this moment it is run into another crucible, in which it is heated to a white heat that is kept up for about two hours, being stirred rapidly with a rod the whole time. At the end of this period the molten mass is allowed to remain perfectly quiet for about an hour, and is then run out of the crucible, either on to a metallic slab or into a metal mortar. It is necessary to avoid too rapid a cooling. The product may thus be run out into a sheet, like plate-glass. A small sheet of such a nature was obtained by M. Sidot in one of his experiments: it measured about three inches across, by a quarter of an inch thick, and was large enough to be cut into a considerable number of beautiful artificial sapphires.

The ruby and sapphire have also been closely imitated in another way by Fremy and Feil, two French chemists; and the chief interest in this process is the fact that the artificial stones possess essentially the chemical composition of the real ones. To produce these, equal weights of alumina and red lead are heated to a red heat in an earthenware crucible. A vitreous substance is formed, which consists of silicate of lead, and crystals of white corundum. To convert this corundum into the artificial ruby, it is necessary to fuse it with about two per cent. of bichromate of potassium; whilst to obtain the sapphire, a little oxide of cobalt, and a very small quantity of bichromate of potassium, must be employed. The stones so produced possess at least very nearly the hardness of the real stones, as they scratch both quartz and topaz.

The French paste which imitates the diamond so closely is a peculiar kind of glass, the manufacture of which was brought to a great degree of perfection some fifty years ago by Donault-Wieland of Paris. The finest quality of paste demands extreme care in the choice of materials and in melting, etc. The basis of it, in the hands of the expert manufacturer just named, was powdered rock-crystal or quartz. The proportions he took were, — six ounces of rock crystal; nine ounces two drams of red lead; three ounces three drams of pure carbonate of potash; three drams of boracic acid; and six grains of white arsenic. The product thus manufactured was extremely beauti-

ful, but rather expensive, compared with the prices now charged for artificial jewels. It has never been surpassed in brilliancy. But of late years the greater purity of the potash and lead oxide used, and the improvements in the furnaces and methods of heating them, have all tended to reduce the price of the "diamonds" thus manufactured.

From The Spectator.

"QUIET WEATHER."

I WANT to describe the aspect of life in the calm, grey weather we have been experiencing lately, as it appeared to me in an out-of-the-way part of England, twenty miles from a railway station on the Atlantic shore.

The slates of the cottages here have little of the cold purple tint, but are varied in faint green and bluish silver; and where the gables slope against the grey sea, the sunshine laughs and dances upon them almost as it does on the waves themselves. In front of the jagged rocks which border our little cove, the great seine-boats lie, massive and dark, dwarfing all the smaller fishing-craft into insignificance, waiting for the pilchards, who seem loth to appear. In front of the coast-guard's cottage, cutting sea and sky and rock, and dividing the little landscape into all kinds of irregular triangles, rises the inevitable white mast and yard of the retired sailor, carrying, in this instance, a weathercock of native design, representing a pilchard whose tail points obstinately seaward, irrespective of any change in the weather.

To the right of the inn window rise whitewashed stone cottages, and to the left sink the same; beneath, the road dips by a red geranium and a water-butt to the hidden beach. On the low wall in front of the window, rooted securely in some crack of its coping-stones, flowers a brilliant marigold — the one bright spot in the picture. Such a queer, quaint little grey hamlet, where year passes after year, bringing no alterations save a few more wrinkles to the aged, and a little less laughter to the young, the blustering weather of winter and spring, the coming of the pilchards, the flash of the world seen every now and then in the eyes of a wandering artist, the sermons on alternate Sundays at two "neighbor villages," such are the matters which form the talk and interest of these folks' lives. A still,

silent life enough, where small things have to be made the most of if one would be content; and yet one gets to be very fond of its peace, which is hardly monotony, of watching the foliage change from green to gold, sadden to its winter gown of russet; to note how, as the year declines, the sky covers up its bright summer days and wraps itself in masses of fleecing cloud; how the emerald of the sea grows like beaten steel; and where a band of purple once sank into a rosy mist, there is now only a thin grey line against a pallid sky. The whole population are fishermen and their allies; and all day the able-bodied sit upon a great bank of timber, by the side of the lifeboat-shed, and smoke, rubbing shoulders together in an uncouth fashion, much as one has seen birds upon a perch. They all know each other, and are good friends after a silent, unexpansive fashion. The property in the fishing-boats is to a certain extent common, and brings them closer together, and, like most Cornishmen, the habit of their lives is serious and a little sad. And they are instinct, too, with a profound natural courtesy towards the stranger, very different from the general distrust and suspicion which we find in the midland and northern counties. Rough they are, certainly — stupid, perhaps, according to our Cockney standard of intelligence — but it was such men as these that Kingsley, who had passed his life amongst them, described as "finer men, body and soul, than the landmen;" and of all our seamen and fishers there are no more stalwart, simple souls to be found in England than those who border the "land of strangers."

The influence of the place is mesmeric; and as day after day passes, and autumn paces slowly by its road of golden leaves and withered bracken into winter, it grows hourly more difficult to believe in the existence of other life than this. The sea, the sky, the fishermen lounging, the pilchards that never come, the picture upon one's easel, the walk after the day's work over moor and downland, the homecoming to the best of inns, with its bright fire and brighter faces of welcome, the dinner with a friend, the smoke and toddy in the evening, and then the night with the wind sighing down the valley, — these repeat themselves day by day. Gradually one comes to know something about the people — how poor Sullivan's wife is dying of consumption, and Stewart's boy must be taken to Falmouth to be confirmed, and other matters less serious. And occasionally the men come and talk as we

paint, and resting their broad backs against the wall, point out to each other the various objects of the picture, rubbing slow hands over their bristly chins meanwhile. There is a sort of tacit agreement that they are not to establish themselves behind us while we are at work; but sometimes the temptation is too strong to be resisted, and one becomes aware of a shadow on the canvas, and a gruff voice saying, "Not that I want to interrupt you, sir." One old fellow of the patriarchal village, past doing anything but hobble about the beach very slowly, with the help of a couple of sticks, has been exempted from the above restriction, and spends a good portion of his morning breathing heavily into my ear, and giving me details of his career, which presents fewer salient points during its duration of eighty-four years than could be well believed.

"Yes, he has always lived here, and he minds the building of this very place [a fish-cellar, full of miscellaneous sea-lumber, nets, and crab pots, "anchors of rusty fluke, and boats up-drawn"]ah, more than fifty years ago." So, with a final wheeze, he departs, to return the next day with the same story; and in the room overhead the one virago of the place recommences scolding and beating her children. "Find it pretty noisy down here, sir?" said a couple of the fishwives, whom I found standing before my easel yesterday, "Her've a long tongue, and a longer arm her have." Its the old story of two families, — a dead wife leaving young children, and then a new mistress for the house, and the new family, and temper and health alike giving way under the double strain, and the result — that terrible chaos of blows, reproaches, and tears which makes a hell of so many poor men's homes. The boards that roof the cellar are thin, and the voices loud; and having sat under them for three weeks one is tempted to moralize.

But this is the only seamy side to the village life. Even poor Sullivan's wife, for whom we sent for the priest a few days ago, is dying peacefully; and her little girl stands, with an anxious wistful face, at the open door of the cottage, whilst her big father passes in and out, tender as a woman in his care. "She's alive, sir, and that's all."

Down in the steep little path which winds at the back of the village up to a ledge of rock, against which the great waves hurl themselves forever vainly, comes the one personage of the place, Mr. —, proprietor of the seine-boats and

employer of the fishermen. He is something like Carlyle in appearance, owing the likeness, perhaps, chiefly to his long greatcoat and broad-brimmed hat, and he walks stiffly and slowly beneath his weight of seventy-six years. Thirty-five of them he has spent here on that little shelf of rock (it is literally a shelf, for it ends abruptly in a perpendicular fall of cliff into deep water), doing practically nothing but live. Despite his life, with only these fishermen for companions, traces of a very different society are still clearly visible, touches of geniality and social grace peep out in his dry old manner; and one is not surprised to find in the little cottage on the rocky ledge, a portfolio of drawings, and etchings and good pictures upon the walls. All of these, however, and all the furniture of his intellectual and social life, date nearly half a century back; there the man ceased, and what has lived since is merely his outside. Still a pale phantasm of a gentleman and a scholar, he walks in and out the rough folks here, amongst them, but not of them; and comes and hovers round the easel of a wanderer like myself, wanting, not so much to look at the work, as to hear the old language of books and pictures which he used to speak long ago. After much pressing, he came in one night to chat with us, but was pitifully ill at ease. It seemed to force upon him too keenly the contrast of his present life with that which he had previously known. What it was that scored his face and broke his spirit, and sent him down to live in this unknown fishing hamlet far from the ways of men, who shall say? But he intensifies the stillness of the place; and as his tall figure is seen coming down the path of a morning, even the sunlight seems to fall more quietly upon his rusty coat, and the noise of the water to be almost hushed.

And so the days go on, with life lying behind and before, and twenty miles off the train waiting to carry all who will back to the great city. Morning after morning out of the same silvery sky shines the wistful sun, and the great grey plain of the sea stretches softly away to the horizon. Still the pilchard weathercock points to the long-expected shoal: still the fishermen lounge, and growl, and smoke; still our pictures grow slowly day by day, amid the comments, flattering and otherwise, of the villagers; still we take long walks over the moorland, or to where the Lizard lights can be seen streaming out into the waning sunset. After all, one cannot photograph an atmosphere, and it is a

photograph only which I am trying to give you. A crude, literal picture of an environment of humble life of toils and duties which there are

none to praise,
And very few to love,

but which is, after the rivalries and jealousies of London, almost like "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding."

From All The Year Round.
CHINESE HORTICULTURE.

A CHINESE kitchen garden contains almost all our vegetables, and many more besides. If they do not care to grow potatoes, except where there are Europeans to eat them, they grow the batata, which is sold boiled at every street corner. Of the water-lily, sacred to Buddha, they eat the sugary seeds; and also a sort of sago made from its root. "Water-chestnuts," too (eaten by the old lake-dwellers in Switzerland), are largely grown. Every canal is full of floating islands of them; and the gathering must look like that picture in this year's Grosvenor of Athelney in Flood, where young and old are going about after the apples in boats. Instead of boats put tubs, each pushed with a bamboo pole by a yellow man or woman, and paint two or three upsets, for John Chinaman is full of fun, and those who have seen a water-chestnut harvesting say that everybody is on the broad grin, and accepts a ducking with the same good humor with which he gives one. They cultivate fungi, too, burying the rotten stump of a tree which bears harmless ones, and so ensuring a crop. One kind, the *lin-chi*, is one of the emblems of immortality. It gets as dry as those honey-combed fungi which they eat in mid-France, and "keeps good" for years. The bonzes use it as the foundation of their ambrosia, and picture their gods with *lin-chi* in their hands. The "five fruits" are peach (sign of love, because it blossoms in winter), apricot, plum, chestnut, and jujube. The wild apricot is valuable for the oil extracted from its kernels. This first came into use, say the Chinese botany books, in our fourteenth century. A good and wise physician lived in a district so poor that he scarcely ever got a fee; so, having found out the use of apricot oil, he said, "If you can't pay you must do this: Let every patient plant a wild apricot on that bare hill to

the east." Fifteen years went by; the hill was pretty well covered. "Now," said the good man, "I am growing old, and after me you will perhaps not be able to get your doctoring gratis. Let the village undertake to keep up this apricot orchard that has cost you nothing. The oil will not only pay a doctor and buy as much medicine as you can want, but it will also do a good deal towards supporting your old men and your orphans." Wax-trees and tallow-trees are invaluable to the Buddhists, who, of course, must burn no animal fat on their altars. There are half-a-dozen trees and plants which make better paper than the bamboo — what we call rice-paper, for instance, comes from the paper-mulberry. A Chinese nettle and a giant hibiscus make excellent rope; and the ramia has its leaves covered with threads just in the right state for spinning. When Virgil said, "The Seres comb from leaves a slender fleece," one used to fancy he was speaking of silk, confounding in fact the worm with the food it eats; but the latest idea is that some notion of the ramia and its produce had travelled as far as the Greek naturalists on whom Virgil relied. If any of your friends are homeopaths you will have heard plenty about rhus; one of the many kinds, the *Rhus vernix*, makes, along with the elaeo-cocoa (added because its juice is fatal to insects), the famous lacquer. Great at dyeing, the Chinese have managed to find out vegetable mordants. Hair-dyeing they manage in a peculiar way; they drink their dye. A six months' course of some vegetable decoction is said to be infallible; and was regularly used, we are told, by the Christians to darken the hair of their European priests, that so they might escape detection. Nearly all their dyes are vegetable, the imperial yellow being got from the root of the curcuma; saffron and gardenia flowers, and mignonette, and all the other yellow dyes being held unworthy of this great object.

And now, to prove what has been said about their great skill in landscape gardening, let us say a word about the Pekin Summer Palace Park. Mr. Swinnoe and Sir Hope Grant both paint it in glowing colors — such a pleasure garden as Kublai Khan planned round his "wondrous dome, by Alp, the sacred river." "Twelve miles of pebbled paths leading through groves of magnificent round lakes into picturesque summer-houses; as you wandered along herds of deer would amble away from before you, tossing their antlered

heads. Here a solitary building would rise fairy-like from a lake, reflected in the blue water on which it seemed to float. There a sloping path would carry you into the heart of a mysterious cavern leading out on to a grotto in the bosom of another lake. The variety of the picturesque was endless, and charming in the extreme. The resources of the designer appear to have been unending." And what the emperor had in its full glory round his summer palace every Chinaman who has made a little money tries to have on a small scale round his house. It is the

gardens which, in the absence of many of our modes of sanitation, keep the dense populations of Chinese cities tolerably healthy, for trees are great absorbers of bad and diffusers of good gases. We have a great deal still to learn from them in the way of gardening, and it is no use crying down our climate — the climate of north China is a very harsh, ungenial one, far worse for both men and plants than ours. It is not the climate that is in fault, but the gardeners; ours do not put the heart and patience into their work that John Chinaman does into his.

HOW THE COLDSTREAMS GOT THEIR MOTTO. — The Coldstreams were raised in the year 1650, in the little town near Berwick-on-Tweed from whence the regiment takes its name. Their first colonel was the renowned George Monk (afterwards Duke of Albemarle), a general in the Parliamentary army and an admiral of the fleet. It is owing to this latter fact that a small Union Jack is permitted to be borne on the queen's color of the regiment, a proud distinction enjoyed by no other corps in the service. In the year 1660 brave Monk and his gallant Coldstreamers materially assisted in the happy restoration of the English monarchy, and to perform this patriotic and eminently loyal act they marched from Berwick-on-Tweed to London, meeting with a warm and enthusiastic greeting from the inhabitants of the towns and villages through which they passed. After the Restoration was accomplished the troops were paraded on Tower Hill for the purpose of taking the oath of allegiance to the king, and among those present were the three noble regiments that form the subject of this brief history. Having grounded their arms in token of submission to the new *régime*, they were at once commanded to take them up again as the First, Second, and Third Regiments of Foot Guards. The First and Third Regiments obeyed, but the Coldstreamers stood firm, and their muskets remained upon the ground. "Why does your regiment hesitate?" inquired the king of General Monk. "May it please your Majesty," said the stern old soldier, "my Coldstreamers are your Majesty's devoted soldiers, but after the important service they have rendered your Highness they decline to take up arms as second to any other regiment in your Majesty's service!" "They are right," said the king, "and they shall be 'second to none.' Let them take up their arms as my Coldstream regiment of Foot Guards." Monk rode back to his regiment and communicated to it the king's decision. It had a magical effect. The arms were instantly raised amid frantic cries of "Long live the king!" Since this event

the motto of the regiment has been *Nulli Secundus*, which is borne in gold letters upon its colors beneath the star and garter of the Royal House. There also appear upon its colors the names of "Lincelles," "Egypt" (with the Sphinx), "Talavera," "Barrosa," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "Alma," "Inkerman," and "Sevastopol." In the year 1850 this regiment held its jubilee banquet to commemorate the two hundredth anniversary of its birth.

London Society.

FUEL ON RUSSIAN RAILWAYS. — An official report upon the fuel used on Russian railways has been prepared by General Possiet, the minister of ways and communications. It appears from this report, which is concerned with the year 1881, that of the forty-nine railway companies existing in the empire only four were using wood exclusively for their locomotives. The lines were all short ones, running through forest tracts abundantly supplied with wood and far away from coal supplies. The bulk of the lines used coal, and during the year the aggregate consumption of all the railways was 563,629 cubic Russian fathoms of wood and upwards of 1,230,000 tons of coal. The quantity of English coal used was only 150,450 tons, most of which was burnt on the Baltic and the south-western lines. The report notices a general tendency towards a larger consumption of Russian and a diminished one of foreign coal. The increase in the use of Russian coal is given at seventy thousand tons, or eight per cent. within the year. Only thirty thousand tons of German coal were burnt, and these were used on lines near the German border. Since the report was drawn up there has been a considerable enlargement in the supply to the railways of the Donetz and Moscow coal, and the use of petroleum as an engine fuel has become almost general on the lines near the Caucasus. The Russian import duties on foreign coal were increased not long ago.